

A P I C - N I C .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE AMERICAN IN PARIS,' 'FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM LONDON,' ETC.

A PLEASANT morning three months ago, a gentleman was seen bending his way through Chestnut-street, then veering off for the north-western regions of the city; conducting a lad of about six years with the right hand, and carrying on the left arm a basket—a couple of claret-bottles just exhibiting their slender necks over its margin. He had on a green coat, a white hat, unmentionables of a blue lilac, and a snowy dimity vest reflected the azure hues of its lining upon his cheeks. His form was robust, complexion rosy, and a volume of fair straight hair hung like the scutched flax upon his broad shoulders. The boy was tight belted in a blouse, and stuck out at the tail like a funnel. His face had the oval form of an egg, the bigger end down, and his pair of little eyes were blinking in their sockets in the anticipation of a day of pleasure. At the same time was seen, about fifty paces distant, a lady gradually dropping into the rear as she approached Chestnut-street, apparently not wishing to be noticed upon a polite promenade as appertaining to so scurvy a caravan. A gauze of attenuated and transparent meshes concealed her bosom as a mist; otherwise she was habited richly in silks, a little awry perhaps from some irregularity in the folds of her petticoat; but in natural beauty she exceeded the common endowments of her sex. Her eyes were gray like Minerva's and Bonaparte's, and her hair of a glossy brown gathered itself into ten thousand spontaneous curls upon eye-brows gracefully arched. Her nose was straight as the arrow, and her upper lip the exact image of Cupid's bow. In other respects her style was the luxuriant—in fashionable phrase, *embonpoint*; that is, her shapes were founded on facts; facts authentic, historical, demonstrable as geometry; and not indebted for contours and developements to the villanous ingenuity of Madame Cantello and 'her successors;' reminding the writer of this memoir of his more primitive days, and his uncottoned sweet-hearts of the Juniata.

Such was Mrs. Stripe, for so the lady was named, as I have since discovered; she having been united in second marriage with Mr. Richard Stripe, school-master of the classical department. It had been her husband's pleasure, to which after some opposition and the usual entreaties she had consented, to spend the first day of May, it being a holiday, his wife's birth-day, and the sweetest day of spring, in mounting declivities, walking in the solitude of valleys, listening to the warbling of birds, in a *pic-nic* with his 'soul's dearest half' and little Chip, (her son by the former marriage,) and other innocent recreations of the country; and upon this errand they had set out just as the sun was peering over the vertex of Beck's shot-tower in Southwark. From the events of this day, its mishaps and enjoyments, with some casual adventures, and the usual number of digressions and conversations, I have

made up, dear Editor, the subject of the present communication. For the convenience of readers who may not like to take the whole at once, it is divided as you will see into chapters, as follows.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE WALK UPON CHESTNUT-STREET

— ‘Where alone our fashionable fair
Can form some slight acquaintance with fresh air.’

‘Your servant!’ said with great affability Mr. Bustleton. ‘How is the wife and the little ones?—how is all the family?’ And he passed on like Pontius when he asked ‘what was truth,’ without waiting an answer. A man of business—a note to pay at three—quick! He was out of sight; and Dick’s bow wasted itself in empty air just opposite the United States’ Bank, and he walked on, musing upon the fragility of banks and wooden pavements, till he reached Fifth-street. How beautiful are these English lindens! If but continued from river to river, Chestnut had been the queen of streets, and this alone had honored and beautified the city—at the expense only of pushing the lower section fifty yards upon Southwark. Here Mr. Cade, Mr. Straw, Mr. Kettle, the scene-shifters, the patriots, the politicians, and all those who, at a moment’s warning, are ready to die for their country, were huddled under the shade; and Dick read the city, county, and state offices in large caligraphic letters overhead; the *Mayor’s, Recorder’s, Prothonotary’s, Commissioners.* ‘Happy republic!’ thought he, ‘that stands in spite of the rats that are nibbling its timbers; *suapte vi stat*;’ and he stood still awhile, the right foot in advance. Lawyers with green bags, one carrying briefs, another his breeches to the tailor, were going in and out.

Dick had been cast in a suit lately, and hated all lawyers; so he set to cursing them in the dead languages—the Latin is so expressive! He called them ‘*Fori tintinnabula*,’ cow-bells of the court; ‘*Accipitres auri*;’ ‘*Pecuniarum hamiolæ*;’ ‘*Harpagones Curiae*;’ ‘*Rabulæ forenses, qui licitum latrocinium exercent*;’ ‘*Damnifici linguis, nisi funibus argenteis vincias.*’ Paid to talk, paid to hold their tongues; sowing law-suits, reaping fees. Equity, it occurred to him, must be, by the rule of opposites, from *equus*, a horse, for she do n’t ride—‘*Lacrymosa mora claudicans*;’ and then he hobbled on, moved by the classic sounds, through the midst of that public hedge of constables, sheriffs, politicians and pick-pockets, embroidering the front of the old State-house, and the numerous pot-houses on the right, where sits apart, in great enjoyment of his mug of ale and his Virginia or Oronoco, the ‘loafer,’ watching the smoke as it curls slowly to the heaven of his divan, without knowing the existence of such things upon the earth; ‘on diviner things intent;’ and then he quoted what he thought the finest of Virgil’s lines:

‘*Sic tandem Euboicis Cumarum illabitur oris.*’

fancying he saw the vessel scud through the briny surge; and he arrived in a fast walk at the theatre. What a huddle of fashionables in grim moustaches, waiters, cab-drivers, and blackguards, about the hotels! Strange! how many of our republican youth pique themselves upon this kind of gentility! The crowd thickens here toward five, when you will see them pick their teeth with an air of contented satisfaction, as if they had dined.

Heavens! the exquisite creature! Who can she be! Such a girl, in French and even English customs, would venture upon this street only with her *bonne* or grandmother; our republican walks out, as you see, in all her independent and unguarded loveliness, not afraid of the Decemvirs. Dick made none of these reflections; I made them for him, which is the same thing; but he read over the play-bill, and out hopped, in his imagination, Fanny Elssler, undressed to the quick, skipping, flitting, pirouetting, sommersetting; and he stood, a leg at full stretch in the rear, and arms in a swimming posture; then, cased in her Cracovienne panoply, she rattled her castanets, and Dick snapped his fingers and cut a caper. The basket dropped, and Chip fell in the gutter.

‘Hold your tongue, you little botheration!’

‘I’ll tell mother! — so I will!’

‘Tell the d — I! Who cares?’

A silk gown rustled by, and Dick quailed. It was however not Mrs. Stripe, and he breathed again.

It was a Miss and Mister of the fashionable cut, who passing in front discovered, she her waist squeezed to an isthmus between two continents, and he an inch of snowy cambric peeping from his pocket, and a bud and two leaves, twined by the fingers of the Graces, at his button-hole. ‘Pon honor, Me-e-m . . .’ But here an equipage, screaming on its axle-tree, with two stately negroes in the rear, and at six feet from the wheels two pot-bellied nags, looking like two rats in the family-way, drew up at the ‘Washington.’ ‘A great senator from the ‘Old Dominion!’’ Every body stared, and Dick, with the basket and Chip, stared; and three omnibusses and two funerals intervening, the street was choked up, and a part only of the conversation reached Mr. Stripe’s ears.

. . . ‘Seen much?’ said the lady — casting an eye upon the play-bill, then on the beau — ‘much of Miss Elssler?’

‘Yes, Mem, a good deal. She was supremely beautiful last night in the Sylphide, was she not? I say last night, for I believe you —’

‘Ye — yes, Sir . . . on the second tier!’ (And she honored the young gentleman with a blush.) . . . Pa took a box up’ . . . Think of modest sixteen, that scarce can garter up its own stockings in America, looking on, before company, at Fanny’s . . . gymnastics! And the blush died away just opposite Godey’s.

‘You have access, Mem, to the ‘Lady’s Book?’ It is published here.’

The lady assented.

‘May I ask you, Mem, have you not read the ‘Land far Away,’ by ‘Flora of Pheladelphia?’ And a delightful little tract by ‘Amelia of

Louisville!' . . . 'Wonder who she is?' Then he thought the writings of the modern Magazines superior to Addison's, generally speaking. Many of them were indeed equal to the most ornate and elaborate compositions of antiquity. He could point out for example, in the last-named production, a description of the most irresistible pathos. Here he changed the bud and two leaves to another button-hole, being just over the place where young gentlemen put their hands upon their hearts, and continued :

'May I ask also, Miss Grace, being on the subject of letters, have you not perhaps read a work recently issued from the British press, entitled 'Flowers of Loveliness?' Eminently beautiful!'

'Very!' said Miss Grace; and then she eyed her beautiful self, reflected in one of Mrs. Tyndale's China pots. ('Tea-pots.')

Here dropped in an acquaintance, with whiskers that scorched the sun: who doffed his hat, and making a bow with appropriate jut, stood bending his affability toward the lady; to which she, her head a little upon one shoulder, and with a sort of dyingness of expression, replied. A person calling himself Smith, or some such a name, at the same time took Dick by the button-hole, and all came to a stand. Little Chip, who in the back-ground stood grinning upward like a small steel-trap, had his share in the general effect. Smith descanted upon the passing world. He is soured with mankind, and glad of an opportunity of railing at them, whatever be the medium of communication. Mrs. Stripe, who had just stepped into Charles Martel's, that great perfumer of the Merovingian race, to . . . was to be waited for.

'That personage on the empty side of the street, so stately, was a year ago rich: he had wit then to be retailed about town, and men set their judgments by his, as their watches by the regulator; watched as he escaped through the back-door the crowd of friends, to obtain a bow, and went home and told their wives and children. But alas! how many bad speculations have fallen upon our great houses since a twelve-month! The money's gone; now, as you see, he walks incommoded by no friendly importunities. The swallows have migrated.

'That old lady? I knew her a fashionable *belle*. As she passed, hats kissed the pavement, and heads turned easily on their hinges. How light, how airy her step! scarce it made a dent upon the down; so halt and tottering now! She coquetted, flirted, played, sang, flattered in the quadrille, languished in the waltz. Pretty accomplishments enough, Mr. Stripe, at seventeen; but ladies, especially American ladies, are not always seventeen!

'The young gentleman in ringlets? He is of the sea; troubled a good deal with woman being enamoured of him. A plague on being too handsome! . . . Foppery requires a population thick-settled and refined. How expect it, your Yankees squatting at the rate of eighty-seven to a square mile?

'Those are spirited horses; the equipage tasteful; does infinite honor to the coach-maker. The owner is rich to a million; trading on three ideas; with just arithmetic enough to keep the nick-sticks of his baker. He dines sumptuously, and has the fashionable diseases. He thinks his gout is hereditary; his wife's mother had it before him.

‘This one is rich of his father’s knavery. ‘Happy the son whose father goes to h—l!’ I forget who made this profane speech. But he gives sumptuous suppers and brings out the wine fizzed and cobwebbed from the innermost cellar. Who dares say he is not the completest gentleman of the town?’

‘Stand aside! It is orator Puff. He delivers speeches, and makes the democracy laugh at the town-meetings. He is a useful man in politics, who gets others together in squads. Cato said long ago it was easier to drive the whole flock than a single sheep. He is useful also who has the knack of conferring greatness on others. The American plan is, you know, a great man being wanting, to get him up for the occasion, as the French *modistes* get up a woman into fashionable shapes. They want only the legs and arms of the right length.

‘Your opinion of this pair of pretty girls; good samples of the American *belle*. Complexion delicate, figure dainty, air graceful, and street dress fit for Milton’s or Ariosto’s Paradise, or Armidas’ gardens. Was the gem made to sparkle and the worm to spin, and the sex not designed to be decked?’

‘The next in view is a man of first respectability. He puts out his money on good security, is regular at prayers; loves heaven for the respectability it confers. He expresses himself cautiously, and with the most enigmatic grace imaginable, on all subjects upon which public opinion is undecided; nor is he content with mere domestic authority. He has his opinions by the Great Western, and his wife her frocks *via* Havre. Take care to have your opinions in the fashion, Mr. Stripe; you can get them ready made, as other articles of dress; with this difference only, that the coat is not accommodated to the wearer, but the wearer to the coat.

‘Alas, human Greatness! Her household gods are shattered; her hearth . . . a . . .’

Suddenly the Signior Charivari ground an air of Mozart upon his organ, which cut off a fine philosophical sentiment somewhere about the middle. Dick brightened into a fine frenzy, and little Chip jumped out of his shoes at the monkey in regimentals, and left moralizing Smith to reflect upon the difference between monkeys and philosophers. The strain at length died away, and the world again passed by. The rumbling and ponderous omnibus and clattering cab, rattling and bumping high upon the rough ribs of Chestnut-street, passed on; and Mr. Webster, and the aquatic Prince de Joinville, and ‘Black Sall’ with a prisoner for the ‘Lock-Up,’ and Fanny Elssler, who capered last night to fifteen hundred at her benefit; and Mrs. Wood, who tuned her throat to Bellini’s Norma at five hundred a night; and Mr. Praymore, laden with ten years’ Greek, awaiting ‘a call’ of five hundred per annum; and Mrs. Stripe came out aromatic from Charles Martel’s perfumery. Dick again, with his basket and Chip, delivering himself to his solitary reflections, and walking now fast and now slow; now presenting his august visage to the firmament, and now his eyes downward in leaden community with the ground; journeyed onward.

Not to disturb him, we will go back a few steps, if the reader please, to Mrs. Stripe, who had been overtaken at the outset by Mr. Ketchup,

the interesting foreigner, just arrived in the city. He designs to make a book upon our manners, and had just stepped out this fine morning to see upon Chestnut-street,

‘That microcosm on stilts,
Y’clept the great world;’

and he overtook Mrs. Stripe.

‘My heavens! I was just saying to myself, ‘Who is this elegant woman alone upon the walk?’ I am not surprised . . . ’

‘Oh, Sir!’

‘Word of honor! . . . If you will allow me, I will go before the mayor and swear you are the prettiest woman (and there are some delicious ones) upon Chestnut-street.’

‘Oh! . . . ’

Then other compliments succeeded, which called the lady a shepherdess, a turtle-dove, the nymph Egeria, the Queen of Jove, or any other goddess that came uppermost, for a whole square; ending in a general conversation, of which a part only was audible for the noise; the rest for the gods.

‘Husbands! I have little sympathy with them any where, and least of all here. I resolved in the outset to hold no intercourse with them. They are unusually cunning, speculating, and unrefined; indeed the only gentlemen I have met in America are the Cherokees. . . . But I assure you, (tenderly to Mrs. Snipe,) I take a very cordial interest in their better halves. (*Bitter*, he would like to have said, but did not.) Your Chestnut-street is looking gay and beautiful to-day. I am fond of elegant streets. There is an utility as well as delight in them. One feels for the time being a genteel disgust at low life. If shabby, one shrinks instinctively into some less elegant resort. It is a feeling natural even to the lower animals. The peacock, they say, in moulting time hides and waits in secret till his plumage is restored. Do you not like them too?’

‘Peacocks! I can’t say I do. If there was nothing but me and them in the world, I guess the world would soon come to an end!’ Mrs. Stripe looked beautiful; nonsense could not spoil her.

Here followed descriptions of fine European streets; of promenades in Regent-street in the long English twilight; of the Boulevard Italien and ices at Tortoni’s; and what every one knows of the beautiful French gardens; of the ‘King’s,’ so wild and romantic; the Luxembourg, so serene and philosophic; of the Tuilleries so gay and elegant; and so unceremonious and so unburdened of all etiquette, the Champs Elysées. Pity William Penn could not have spared a hundred or two of acres! But it would have been a prodigal waste of his State of Pennsylvania!

Mrs. Stripe said she had read all about the ‘Place Louis McKinsy,’ or some such a name,* last night in the Magazine, and the ‘Obstacle of Luxor.’

* Miss STRIPE should have consulted Mrs. RAMBOTHOM’S Letters. It was the ‘Place Louis QUINCY,’ named after a French King who died of a sore-throat! — ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'A capital engraving this, Ma'am. Let us see. A scripture-piece, I think. Joseph and his . . . Eh?'

'Joseph and the Pharisees. Yes, I guess it is,' replied Mrs. Stripe; but she could not say for certain; 'she had n't much bibolical learning.'

'But only look, Sir, at this statute, with the fiddle! What a queer crooked man it is! Did you ever see! *Peggi!* . . . what do you call him? . . .

'*Tickets for Norma?*' 'Suppose we go, Ma'am?' (sings) '*Do I not prove thee, how much I love thee?*' '*Perish lonely, and bless thee with my latest breath!*' '*Oh dread reflection!*' and Mrs. Stripe looked into the mirror.

'Seen it, I suppose?'

'Yes. It's quite equal they say to any thing in the old countries.' And now she hugged the gentleman's arm closely. Mrs. Stripe is of an affectionate turn of mind, when she takes a liking; I mean that tender, purring kind of affection which rubs itself against you. He, intent with a glass examining prints of hounds and whippers-in at Melton, bending forward and one leg retro-ceding to preserve the equilibrium, while a little rogue, hawking news, pulls out slyly his snowy handkerchief. '*Pheladelpy Paul Pry!*'

'Get out! you little noisy vagabond! It is known, Ma'am, in London that these hawkers, getting while young into vagrant habits, become unsettled as gypsies, and as disqualified for honest pursuits. This little chap will at last steal, I have no doubt. Do n't you think so, Ma'am?'

Mrs. Stripe with great presence of mind, and a reasonable concern for the morals of the community, replied: 'Yes!'

And then the walk was resumed. 'About Norma. I ask your pardon. The scenery and choruses are well enough. The mere mechanical part is easily attainable in all countries; but the combination of musical talent of all kinds in the Parisian and London theatres . . .'

'Oh, it must be nice!'

'Mrs. Wood and her husband . . .'

'As for me, I do n't like her a bit. She gets into such stormy fits about nothing; she's so fussy; she's so . . . so obstetrical.'

'And then the Italian orchestra! every instrument so balanced, each to its nicest proportion, to the infinitesimal of a note. And the fulness and variety of vocal talent! One hears, indeed, Mrs. Wood with pleasure; but in a comparison with Grisi, Malibran, and the rest, who would think of Mrs. Wood? And how to match Lablache as bass, in any country? He is a cataract of voice, putting to silence the fury of a hundred instruments; and then the silver-wired voice of Tambourini, like the chiming of distant bells! As for Rubini, Madam, there is no object of comparison. I consider him as *unique*.'

'Oh dear!' said the lady.

'But we have not taken ices together. Indeed I wo'n't suffer a refusal.'

'But my husband . . . He wo'n't know . . .'

'All the better!'

'Oh, Sir, he'll be so angry! . . .'

'One look of that sweet face will please him again.'

'Oh dear! you have put me in such a frustration! I feel quite historical!'

'The ices will restore us. Here they are. Mrs. Parkinson would have taken it very ill . . . This is vanilla; this, lemon. (They eat.)'

'It must be confessed you are the prettiest woman in this new world. England, alas! I bid thee adieu. I shall see thee no more; nor friends, nor native home!'

'Why, what does make you look so sad, Sir? What makes you say so?'

'While I was yet a child, Madam, a prophetic old woman, the nurse, said, putting her hand upon my head: 'This boy will not fall a victim to the cholic, or the measles, or the whooping-cough. He will not die of drowning, or hanging, or any of the natural accidents of humanity. Some pretty woman ——' And here she paused; she meant some pretty woman of Chestnut-street; 'will bring him to an end.' Madam, I see my destinies are about to be accomplished.'

Two drops stood glistening in Mrs. Stripe's large gray eyes, and the spoon rested in the untasted cream. Mrs. Stripe's bump of benevolence was large. She pitied the unhappy English gentleman from her heart; she hoped no ill would befall him; she was sorry he had ever seen her. . . . And then they took a glass of maraschino.

They walked now pensively at the side of each other, for a square and more, without saying a word; Mrs. Stripe just stealing a glance at Mr. Ketchup, and Mr. Ketchup at Mrs. Stripe. A sigh now and then struggling into being was smothered by modesty; till at length Mr. Ketchup opened his mouth with the following remarkable words:

'Madam! . . .'

Mrs. Stripe looked up tenderly, and again they fell into the same speechless eloquence of looks; and it was not till their sensations began to flow in a shallower current that they recovered that noisy faculty we denominate speech. This occurred about the corner of Eleventh-street.

'One could not long object to the 'splendid misery' of living in one of these sumptuous palaces.'

Mrs. Stripe only replied, 'they were the most costive houses in the city.'

All at once Mr. Ketchup recollected he had an engagement. 'Bless me! How time gallops away in your company, Madam! At four I will see you again.'

'The rock overlooking the dam. Do n't forget, Sir.'

'In the mean time, dear Stripe!' and he held her by the hand — 'a little corner of your heart! However little, I will think it much. Good bye! All the rural divinities watch over you till four. Good bye!'

'I declare, these foreigners, they are *so* polite! He's the completest gentleman!' Again he kissed the ends of his fingers a hundred yards off, and the corner of Twelfth-street rudely interposed between Mrs.

Stripe and Mr. Ketchup. The latter just stopped a moment to make an entry in his memorandum book :

'*American Women*. — Prettiest in the world; but ungrammatical. Mrs. Malaprop, etc. . . . faithful . . . want of temptation. Husbands . . . notes to pay . . . unexpert. Women more easily . . . etc., etc.

Meanwhile Mr. Richard Stripe, who had walked on wrapped up in his meditations, was seen looking over his left shoulder several times, and finally waking up to the terrifying certainty that Mrs. Stripe was missing. He stared, hesitated, stopped; then ran half a mile to the west, thinking she had gone ahead, and then as far east, dragging Little Chip, *non æquis passibus*; when he discovered Madam issuing from Parkinson's, accompanied, as the reader is aware, and in a more than usual glow from the warmth of her feelings and the maraschino. He resumed his walk, not without certain conjugal apprehensions at seeing the stranger's gallant attentions to his wife; and he jerked up his legs under the excitement of his feelings and walked quicker.* But just as he had whipped his rage up into a fury, he stumbled luckily upon a woman begging, with a baby, her little stock in trade, and let off the stream of his ill-humor upon her: 'Get out of the way! you bundle of rags, fit only to set up a paper-mill! What business have you with children, not able to maintain them?' (He gave her slyly a shilling.) And then he relapsed into reflection. There is something sedative and purifying in the exercise of the charitable affections. 'Strange! that women are more prolific the more they are poor, as if beggars were a provision of nature! They breed the more they are beaten. They cuff the wenches in Georgia . . . If it had been a man, not a penny would he have gotten from me; (or *got*; both are good grammar.) But these women, even in their rags, have I know not what power over us. D—n them! But I am resolved (he stopped, and then walked on) that no woman shall rule me! There's Mrs. Klink, who brought her husband so much money, and has such a name for faithfulness and housekeeping, and all that, and stays always at home; stays to scold her husband and beat the children, and has no more domestic virtues all the while than a cuckoo. If she was *my* wife, by —! I'd shake her out of her . . .'

The truth is, when alone, Dick really felt the most magnanimous dispositions, and worked himself often into fits of desperate resolution. At these times he would fight duels, rout armies, save ladies from ruin, and do a hundred other things that were impracticable. He would make a fist under Mrs. Stripe's nose; chafe the tigress in its den; pluck the grave justice from the bench and wring his beard; he would bend down Christ-Church steeple to the earth with his little finger.

'By the Lord,' he exclaimed, 'I'd shake her out of her petticoats!' Then he gave a convulsive jerk to little Chip, (of Chippendale,) who screamed aloud; and perceiving the mother at his heels, he felt a chill run through his blood. 'Come along, Chippy! What a sweet little boy it is! We shall have a fine day, love, for our pic-nic.'

* Nor by a man's skull only are the mental affections distinguished, but also by the calves of his legs. *Nota bene*: The same remark is made by the historian of Cataline.

'Fine days have furnished many a fool's head with conversation,' replied the dame. 'Let me see you dare to drag that child again in that manner! Come, my pet, *I'll* protect you;' and she kissed away the tears from the blubbering boy. 'He may dupe a novice; but your mother is not to be noosed by such a shallow simpleton. He has been used to taking woodcock upon his Blue Mountains. I wonder, since he was so quick in learning rudeness from the bear, he had not learned a little cunning from the fox.'

Dick, who could have borne any thing else but a slur upon the Blue Mountains, rallying his forces by an extraordinary effort, replied: 'There are people born at the Blue Mountains old enough, I guess, to be their own masters.'

'People who are their own masters have often fools for their scholars.'

'No more a fool . . . '

'Hold your tongue! . . . Ah, Mr. Cunningham, how do you do? We are just going over, my love and I, and our dear little boy, upon the hill to spend the day. It is a delightful little spot as there is about the city; a great deal of shade, fine turpentine walks, and the beautiful perpendicular declivities that overhang the dam . . . '

'A quarter each,' said the driver, which Madam, the purse-bearer on such occasions, having paid, they disappeared in one of the new cabs rapidly toward Fair Mount. But this brings me to the end of my first chapter.

Original.

A STRANGE TALE, BUT TRUE.

BY JOHN INMAN.

SEVERAL years ago a young gentleman arrived at the principal town of one of the French West India Islands. He was from Paris; a young gentleman of good person, of prepossessing manners, well informed, accomplished, and of most amiable disposition. He appeared to be in easy circumstances; brought with him letters of credit from one of the most respectable bankers in the French capital, and made no secret of his intention to purchase an estate on the island, and become a permanent resident. His name was Du Plessis.

His acquaintance with the merchants and planters rapidly extended, and he was soon a welcome guest at the houses of all the principal inhabitants; recommending himself equally to the seniors by his good sense, his extensive information and the propriety of his deportment, and to the more youthful members of society, especially the ladies, by his good looks, his polished and gentlemanly bearing, and by his lively flow of conversation. The town was small—the population of the island itself was but limited—and it may readily be inferred that in such a case, the arrival of a stranger like Du Plessis, young, handsome, agreeable and rich, was quite an acquisition.

It was not very long, however, before the stranger manifested a preference for the house of one individual in his round of visiting; and the magnet of attraction was easily enough discovered to be the daughter of his host. Louise Lemaire was not the most beautiful girl on the island, but she was pretty enough to excuse a lover for thinking her so, and good enough to make a husband think nothing about her beauty. Her father, Monsieur Lemaire, was a merchant of considerable wealth, greatly respected for his probity and his good sense. He had been more than once chosen to fill stations of public dignity; and whether in office or out of it, his friendly advice and assistance were as frequently sought for as they were readily and willingly afforded.

Time wore on, and Du Plessis was openly and avowedly the suitor of the fair and good Louise. I have said that he was universally liked, but it was to her that his estimable qualities were most fully developed, and the regard which others felt for him, in her was ripened to admiration and the highest esteem—tribute meekly paid to the purity of his principles, his kindness of heart, and the superiority of his mental endowments. She found it not difficult to return his love, and with a frankness belonging to her nature, made no scruple in acknowledging her regard and her willingness to become his wife. The consent of her father, too, had been asked and given; but with a condition which the habitual prudence of the old and experienced man of the world suggested, that their union should be deferred for a twelvemonth, in order that each party might have time and opportunity for becoming fully acquainted with the disposition and temper of the other, and that both might enter upon the married state having as little to

learn as possible of those things concerning which, even in the best assorted marriages, there must be mutual forbearance or there can be no happiness.

Some months had passed away after the engagement of Louise and Du Plessis, when the latter began to perceive a change in the manner of several of his friends—a certain appearance of constraint in their reception of him when they met, and of uneasiness when he visited their houses. He could not complain that there was any visible lack of kindness in their words or their deportment; all seemed to entertain for him as much good will as ever—there appeared to be even an increase of affection in their regard for him—yet he could not but observe that there was an air of gravity, amounting almost to sadness, in their reception of him; and that while no one manifested less esteem, there was evidently less cordiality in his welcome when he came among them. The discovery pained him much; but most of all, when he found that the contagion had extended even to his destined father-in-law, the father of his Louise.

It seemed to him, in his long and painful meditations on the subject, that the change of which I have spoken could be traced back to the arrival of a certain Monsieur Corbeau, who had been for two or three years before his own coming, a resident of the island, but who, at the time of that coming, and for some months afterward, had been absent on a voyage of business or pleasure—there was some doubt which—to other parts of the West Indies. An instinctive feeling of dislike appeared to have sprung up between Corbeau and Du Plessis, from the moment of their first meeting. The former was also a Frenchman; about thirty years of age, of gentlemanly appearance, and rather handsome features, but his countenance wore, habitually, an expression, which excited vague distrust, and this was heightened, at times, when something occurred to excite sudden anger, to an aspect of absolute ferocity. He had done no evil, as far as any body knew, since his residence on the island; his conduct in all things, had been reasonably upright and honorable; yet there was a general impression that evil passions had their dwelling beneath his fair exterior, and though nobody could charge him with doing wrong, all suspected him of lacking principle to keep him in the right. He passed current in society, but the footing on which he was established there was not secure. He had companions, but not friends; was received every where as a guest, but no where as an intimate.

The exact nature of his occupation, or his means of living, was not known. In his dress and appointments he had the appearance, if not of wealth, at least of competence—whence or how obtained, none could tell, nor indeed had any thought of inquiring. His absences from the island were frequent, but where he went, and for what purpose, he had not chosen to declare, and there was no one who had a right to ask an account of his proceedings, whatever curiosity might be felt upon the subject, was confined to the breasts of those who felt it. It had been thought that the house of Monsieur Lemaire, and the society of Louise, were honor-

with his preference, but if this was the case, he had not yet made any avowal of his sentiments. Such was the person whose presence Du Plessis could not help identifying, in point of time, with the change of manner which caused him so much pain, and to whose agency something seemed to whisper him that change must be ascribed.

It has been said that an instinctive feeling of dislike appeared to have existed, from the first, between Corbeau and Du Plessis; its manifestation, by the former, was open and decided. Whether it was that he really cherished designs upon the affection of Louise, or was only inspired by jealousy of the high regard in which Du Plessis was evidently held by the community—whatever the cause might be, it was apparent from the very first occasion of their meeting in society, that Corbeau was the enemy of Du Plessis; and if the active feeling of hostility was not reciprocated by the latter, at least, there was no appearance of a disposition, on his part, to make Corbeau his friend. They met often; but it was observed, that after the introduction, neither of them addressed the other when in general society, and that neither ever joined a group in conversation, of which the other formed a part. Yet there had never been any more decided exhibition of animosity—never any overt act of hostile character.

Thus matters had gone on for some months after the return of Corbeau, when, as has already been remarked, the discovery was forced upon Du Plessis that something had occurred to lessen the cordiality that had existed between him and his friends; it was, perhaps, unavoidable to ascribe this something to the agency of the only man whom he could not look upon as a friend. Yet he was sorely perplexed in deciding how to act upon the occasion. It would not do, upon mere suspicion, to charge the man with secret acts of enmity; and, as yet, there was nothing sufficiently explicit in the deportment or conduct of Lemaire, or of any other, to justify a request for explanation. But a time soon arrived when his embarrassment was to cease; and it was to the frankness of Lemaire that he was indebted for the elucidation he desired.

He was sitting in melancholy mood, one morning, in the breakfast room of a house which he had taken and furnished, in anticipation of his marriage, when he received a message from his intended father-in-law, desiring to see him. He went immediately, and on being shown into the library, where the old gentleman was sitting alone, was addressed in substance as follows:—

"Du Plessis, my young friend, it is a painful communication I have to make to you. I need not tell you, but I take pleasure in repeating it, that your amiable character and exemplary conduct, since you came among us, have won for you the warmest esteem of our whole community. Prepossessed in your favor by your appearance and manner, the test of intimacy alone was wanting to make us all your friends; and it was as gratifying to us, as it must have been to you, to find that to know you more, was also to like you better. We have all contemplated with satisfaction the purpose you had announced, of remaining among us perma-

nently; no change has taken place in our regard for you; you have done nothing to diminish, in the slightest, our esteem; yet it becomes my painful duty to inform you that I—that we all—now wish you to leave us; and for ever."

Du Plessis started, but he made no reply. Lemaire continued: "If the information we have received concerning you is true, as I presume it is, you can be at no loss to understand our reasons for thus wishing. You know that the inhabitants of this island are chiefly the immediate descendants of French gentlemen—gentlemen of the *ancien regime*—that many of us trace our parentage to the *noblesse*; and that we cherish with a tenacity which we are too old to lay aside, those high feelings of respect for birth and purity of lineage which, I am told, have, in a great measure, ceased to prevail even in the land from which we drew our origin. I know that in some respects those feelings are carried to an extent entitling them to the name of prejudices; but they have grown with our growth, and though our reason may stigmatize them as weakness, we have not strength of mind enough to overcome it."

Lemaire paused in evident embarrassment, from which he was at once relieved by his afflicted auditor. "I know what you would say," interrupted Du Plessis; "it has come to your knowledge that I am the unhappy son of a good but stigmatized parent; of one with whose name and profession are linked emotions of dislike—of horror. I cannot blame you for the feelings with which you must look upon me. I feel even that I ought to implore your forgiveness for having come among you under the shelter of a concealment which I fondly hoped would never be withdrawn. That hope has been deceived, and I submit in silence to the just punishment of my deception, if, indeed, it deserves so harsh a name. I will leave your island to-morrow, grateful for the many kindnesses its inhabitants have bestowed upon the son of the chief executioner of Paris."

"Not so fast, not so fast," replied the senior; "there is no occasion for so much haste. It is true that your unfortunate parentage has been made known to us; and equally true, that as a consequence of that knowledge, we have concluded, after much deliberation, and I assure you, with very great reluctance, that for your own sake, as well as our's, it will be better for you to leave us. We have tried to overcome our prejudices, but in vain; and we feel that with a strong personal regard and esteem for you, and a just appreciation of your merits, we cannot continue to associate with you on those terms of intimacy which, nevertheless, it would be more painful to exchange for cold civility, than to lose you altogether. But we do not mean to part with you so hastily; nor can we suffer you to leave us without giving you a public and distinguished token of our respect—permit me to add a stronger term—our affection."

"You are very kind—very kind," the young man murmured in reply, struggling to repress his emotions. "Dispose of me as you please. The goodness you have showered upon me, leaves me neither right nor inclined

tion to dispute your wishes. But"—and he hesitated—"one word more—your daughter?"

Lemaire, in turn, was embarrassed; and a troubled expression rested upon his features. But it soon passed away. "She knows all," he said—"our purpose and its cause."

"And of that purpose, she, no doubt, approves," answered Du Plessis, with a tone in which bitterness was slightly mingled with deep sorrow.

"I know not," replied Lemaire. "She offered no opinion, nor did I ask it from her. She wishes to see you;" and thus saying, he abruptly left the apartment.

A faint hope gleamed for a moment in the bosom of Du Plessis, but it was only for a moment. He trembled, and that sinking of the heart came over him which is always caused by the anticipation of what we dread. Louise entered, but he could not rise to meet her—he could scarcely even raise his eyes.

She advanced and stood before him. "Adrian!" she said. He started to his feet and gazed earnestly upon her face. The tone of her voice—her manner of addressing him by his baptismal name, awakened a hope which thrilled his very heart, but which he dared not cherish.

"Adrian," she repeated. And as she spoke, her hand was offered to his clasp, and her eyes were fixed earnestly, confidingly, lovingly upon his.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed her lover; "does not hope delude me? May I dare to trust the fond presage of my heart? Oh, speak to me, Louise, my own Louise, and confirm—but no, it cannot be. It was madness to entertain the thought."

"It can be, Adrian, and it is. If your hope points to the fidelity of my affection—of that affection which, though not won unsought, was freely given, and having been avowed, has become your right—if that be the aim of your hope, Adrian, know that it does not deceive you. The prejudices that weigh so strongly with my father and his friends, with me have no existence. Yours I promised to be, and that promise I am willing to redeem."

"Dearest, dearest Louise," exclaimed Du Plessis. "How can I repay you for this generosity? But your father, my beloved—"

"I know that in clinging to you, Adrian, I must leave my father. But when I promised to be your wife, I contemplated the natural destiny of woman—to leave father and mother, and make husband all in all."

"And can I ask you to meet that destiny, Louise, under circumstances such as mine? Ought I to take you from your father's arms—from the home of your childhood, and the friends among whom you have grown up, to share my exile—to bear my dishonored name?"

"Your exile will be none to me," replied the maiden; "your country shall be my country, your presence my home. And if dishonor attaches to your name in the estimation of those who judge by prejudice, and not by reason, no portion of that dishonor belongs to you. There are lands in which the name has never been heard, or in which, even if known, the wearer of it will be judged of by his own deeds, not by those of his

progenitors. In such a land there is a home of peace and happiness for you, Adrian, and to that home I will go with you as your wife."

"Dearest, noblest Louise," exclaimed Du Plessis, as he pressed her to his bosom, "this, indeed, is woman's love and woman's faith. Such a home we will seek, my own Louise, and there it shall be the study of my life to prove the gratitude I feel, and by making you happy, reward you for the sacrifices you now make for me. But, dearest, will your father consent? Struggling, as he is, even now, between his regard for me, and the horrors that are associated with my name in his mind, will he not hate me, will he not curse me, when I ask him, for my sake, to give up his daughter? Will he not spurn me from his door, and command you to renounce me?"

"It will be a shock to my father, Adrian, as you and I can well believe. But he knows me from my childhood; he knows that my conduct is governed by principle; he has confidence both in the rectitude of my judgment and the purity of my intentions. His disappointment and sorrow will soon give way to a desire for my happiness, and conviction that in the way in which I seek it, that happiness most surely will be found. And I have confidence, too, in my father; in the goodness of his heart, his justice and his strength of mind. These will lead him not only to yield, but to approve of my determination."

"God grant it may be so, Louise," answered Du Plessis; "that the joy of calling you mine own may not be alloyed or tarnished by the thought that it was purchased at the cost of your father's peace of mind."

The judgment of Louise, respecting her father, was correct. He remonstrated, he even wept when her determination was announced to him; but, in truth, it was not wholly unexpected, and when he became convinced that it was no hasty result of impulse, but the calm, deliberate resolve of a strong mind, influenced at once by ardent affection and high principle, he gave his sanction to the measure with even more of cordiality than his daughter or her lover had dared to hope. "Thou hast been a good child to me, Louise," he said, "and done every thing a child could do, to make her father happy. It is but right that thou shouldst look now for thine own happiness, and in thine own chosen way. I give her to you, Du Plessis," he continued, "believing that you will be to her all that her father has been, all that a husband should be. Seek you out a home where no memory of the past shall come to give you pain. It may be that I will join you there; but should we never meet again, take the fondest, warmest blessings of a father, whom his child has never given, even for a single moment, any other emotion than those of happiness and pride."

The old man stipulated only for two conditions—that the marriage should not be solemnized until the day appointed for the departure of Du Plessis; and that in the meantime, the knowledge that it was to be, should be confined to themselves and him. He asked these avowedly, as a concession to the ancient prejudice, which he could not shake off, even while condemning

it; and Louise and Du Plessis were but too happy in yielding points so very immaterial to them, in grateful recognition of the mighty sacrifice to which he had so cheerfully and generously submitted, in his love for them, and his desire to promote their felicity.

Nothing now remained but the "public and distinguished token of respect" for Du Plessis, of which Lemaire had spoken. This, the more elderly and respectable of the citizens determined, after consultation and deliberation, to offer in the form of a dinner; as being at once the most convenient for all to join in, and the most acceptable to Du Plessis. The arrangements were accordingly made, the day appointed, the invitation given, and gratefully accepted.

The largest room of the principal hotel was the designated place; and here, toward the close of a fine day in September, were assembled the *élite* of the town—the oldest, the wealthiest and the most esteemed of its inhabitants. Lemaire, of course, was among them; and Corbeau, too, was there, although scarcely expected, so general was the impression that no great good will existed between him and Du Plessis. His presence was accounted for, in the minds of some, by the suspicion that he found, even in this public testimonial of respect for the young Frenchman, an occasion for triumph, connected, as it was, with what might be considered an expulsion from the island; while others conjectured, perhaps more shrewdly, that he was willing to conceal his joy by taking part in the general expression of regard and esteem for the young man, at once so strongly loathed and loved. Be that as it may, Corbeau was there; and it so happened that he was seated at the table directly opposite Du Plessis.

The feast began—was ended; and immediately after the removal of the cloth, an aged merchant who had twice officiated as Mayor, rose, and with a brief address, reciting the occasion of the meeting, and abounding with warm expressions of more than compliment, proposed the health of the respected guest. It was cordially welcomed by all present; and when the plaudits were at length succeeded by a return of silence, Du Plessis rose to make his acknowledgments.

His voice trembled as he began—the agitation of his feelings left him scarcely the power of coherent thought or intelligible utterance. But as he grew more calm, his mingled emotions of gratitude and sorrow, of pleasure in the occasion, and of mortification at its cause, of regret for the approaching separation, and of bright but secret anticipation connected with the thought of his Louise, were poured forth with an eloquence, a sincerity and fervor, that brought tears to many eyes, long unused to weeping.

His speech was brought to its conclusion—his thanks, warm, heart-felt, most sincere, were given to the friends by whom he was surrounded—his farewell was uttered, and he had already turned to leave the room, when his eye fell upon Corbeau. There was an expression in the look of that personage, which struck like lightning on the memory of Du Plessis. The glance which each cast upon the other, was a glance of recognition. For a single instant Du Plessis gazed upon the face of his enemy—for such he *knew* him now to be—then turning

to the gentleman who had addressed him, he said, in a low, expressive tone—

"There is yet one thing more which I have a right to claim. Among all these kind and generous friends, there is one who, for some cause, hates me; one whom I have never injured, but who would spare no pains to injure me. He has already inflicted upon me the most cruel injury within his power, by disclosing that unhappy secret which, though no fault of mine, has deprived me of the happiness I so long enjoyed in your society, and now drives me, an exile, from among friends so honored and so dear. I have a right to know who it is that has done me this unprovoked and grievous wrong; but I need not ask, for he sits there before me."

Du Plessis had said truly that he need not ask; for the eyes of all were fastened upon Corbeau, and the confusion of guilt was legible upon his face.

"I seek no farther," continued Du Plessis. "The assassin of my happiness is revealed; and he shall not go unpunished. He employed his knowledge of my lineage and person, to work me injury; my knowledge of him shall be employed for a nobler purpose, but not less to his dismay. He has made me known to you as the son of an executioner; I make him known to you as a thief, a convicted felon, a branded fugitive from the galleys. Seize him, and lay bare his shoulder; the evidence is there."

Corbeau started up and drew his sword, wild with rage and terror. But willing hands were upon him in an instant—the coat was stripped from his back, the sleeve of his shirt rolled up, and there indeed was the ineffaceable token of his infamy and crime. Before another sun had set, he was driven with execrations from the island.

Du Plessis and Louise soon took their departure for the United States, whither they were not long after followed by Lemaire. What became of them, I never heard, but it is reasonable to presume that their lives were as happy as worth and mutual love could make them.

Original.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO CARLSBAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

You do not require to be told that the Watering Places form one of the most prominent and curious features of Germany. But without actually coming here you will scarcely comprehend how attractive they are to all who have means and time to visit them. They are to the German what newspapers and politics are to us. From the King and Emperor to the postillion, peasant, and wandering Polish Jew, with his true Shylock costume, all at some period of their lives seek relief from "the ills that flesh is heir to," at Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, or some of the other two or three hundred sources with which nature has dotted this beautiful country. There are not wanting some who look grave and wise and find that they spoil the stomach and the teeth, and even where they afford relief, create a new want which renders them necessary the rest of one's life. There are veteran water-drinkers to be met with who have repeated the cure ten, twenty, and thirty years. I do not believe they hurt the teeth unless injudiciously taken, but like every thing good on the globe, they are doubtless liable to abuse. I have taken them two years, and found much relief, but I must add, I am not completely cured and cannot fairly form any opinion on my own experience. It is also difficult to detect the part which the water has in the benefit one finds during an excursion to a fresh mountainous country, and after five or six weeks of temperate living, total relaxation from business, fresh air, and a continual round of exhilarating amusements. Still I do not see why the benevolent Providence which has furnished the earth with things enough obviously for the use of man—which has given the waving grain, the grape, the pure spring, and so many various herbs, minerals, etc., for the cure of his diseases—I do not see why Providence may not have also provided these wonderful medical fountains for the especial purpose for which they are believed efficacious. There is a spirit of *materialism* in this age, the result of a re-action of the age of superstition, by which man takes a too *philosophical* view of every thing. Vain Science may penetrate a short distance into the means made use of by the sublime Creative Power, but must come very soon, to the limits of its little sphere, and acknowledge at last the hand of God in all around us. There is to me something peculiarly probable in the belief that the paternal care which has given the fruit for our food, and the flowers for our pleasure, has caused to leap from the earth, for the healing of the sick, these health-giving streams.

There is one way in which the German is doubtless injured by his mineral-waters. During the long winter, the recollection of them gives a sort of hardihood to his seats at table and in prolonging another hour one of his sumptuous repasts, he thinks as he enters upon a new bottle, "no matter, *Carlsbad* will set all right!"

I visited Carlsbad last summer. The "merry, merry month of June," had just set in as I started on my journey. The winter had been long and dismal. I had been occupied in a way which rendered exercise and change of air and scene as agreeable as it was necessary, and my heart leaped with something of the old ardor of boyhood as I mounted, at nine in the morning, into the *Coupe* of the Dresden *Eilwagen*, my way being through the metropolis of Saxony, along the edge of that romantic piece of scenery called *Saxon Switzerland*, and into Bohemia, through Teplitz to Carlsbad.

Berlin, however rich in architectural magnificence, and however invaluable a resource we have found its *Thiergarten*, (animal garden,) with the other royal grounds of Potsdam, Shönhausen, Charlottenburg, etc., is poisoned in the summer by the odors from the *gutters* in which the water stagnates, from the dead level of the city, there not being sufficient descent to give even a motion to the contents.* I can scarcely express, therefore, the feeling of pleasure with which I found myself seated in the high open cabriolet of the ponderous, but comfortable *Schnellpost*, breathing fresh country air with several foreign cities, (for I meant also to see Leipsic,) rising in my perspective.

We travelled all day through a country not rendered remarkable by any peculiar feature, but growing prettier and more varied. If there is in this old world, any situation particularly delightful, and which, (notwithstanding the sobering years I have seen roll over my head, with their various pains, lessons, and grave experiences,) I enjoy *almost* as keenly as when I first saw the famed shores of Europe and Africa rise together out of the sea, it is just the one in which I now found myself. A sunshiny, bland June morning, a high open seat in a diligence, setting off with the crack of the whip and strains of the postillion's horn, *to travel*. Although I feel as seriously as another the sturdy blows with which Fortune impels us on our path through the world, yet on these occasions I possess the happy faculty of leaving care behind. I can untie and throw aside

"The pedlar's pack that bows the bearer down,"

and I am convinced no Emperor in his luxurious carriage, whirled from court to court, and from palace to palace, over enjoyed such a continued series of happy sensations as I have always felt in my wanderings. Motion itself is a happiness. The sensation of being borne along by those twelve powerful legs, which you have not even the trouble to lift, the effervescence of the blood from the movement of the carriage, the rapid rising up and passing away of new, unexpected, bright-colored, various objects, pursuing each other like soft visions of imagination, the balmy sweet air in the face, and sending its subtle virtue not only through your body, but into your mind and heart, the little thousand inci-

* Of the blessings which every one ought to hold indispensable, pure air is one of the first. Travellers wonder with reason, that an evil so injurious to every inhabitant, and which might be remedied with some of the money appropriated to temples, palaces, portals, fountains, etc., should remain a disgrace to so great and splendid a metropolis; but the present king, it is said, intends to put an end to this nuisance by means of steam, besides making the most striking improvements in the town.

dents occurring, the fields, hills, gardens, and streams, all pouring upon the eye in an endless yet well arranged crowd, filling the mind with sweet harmless thoughts, and turn out of that mysterious temple, the dark weary phantoms which have been lurking there, perhaps for months, making themselves a home and an altar where they would scarcely linger an instant were we more familiar with religion and nature.

In the *intérieur* of the diligence, was a young man upon whom the charm of travel also appeared to have an exhilarating effect. Every time we stopped, this interesting subject, without the least hesitation or embarrassment, and regardless of the indignant glances of fathers and mothers made it a point to select the prettiest girl to be seen among the servants, or, "by 'r lady!" the daughters of the landlord himself, and with a boldness which made effective resistance impossible, gave her a hearty kiss. The young ladies' blushed, pouted, frowned, and smiled, but it was never 'till the adventurous young sinner had partaken once or twice, and after various broken exclamations, pushings, and contortions, with which nature has providentially provided young ladies as a defence in such emergencies, that they disentangled themselves from the familiarities of the newly arrived guest. The aggressor was not handsome, yet he effected his purpose with impunity, I believe, the length of the day's road. It is not the first time I have had occasion to observe how much straight-forward impudence, unembarrassed by a regard for minor considerations, often procures for a man in this world.

After travelling many hours on the road to Dresden, we saw the day-light yet in the heavens, at 11 o'clock, at night. The inhabitants of New-York have no idea of the charm of the long days and almost unending twilight of these more northern latitudes. They are almost a substitute for a southern climate. The traveller has an opportunity of watching its beauty and beholding the day scarcely depart in the west before it reappears in the east. I have experienced the delightful sensation of sleeping in the open air all night, and I could not but envy the inhabitants of those climates which permit of this habit through the year. It is as grateful to the physical health as to the imagination. The air was full of perfume. As we dashed along I could distinguish different tracts of it—now wafted from fields and woods, now from streams and gardens. What exquisite care in ministering to his common creatures Providence has taken, who not only supplies our real wants, but who has thus shed upon the air these soothing influences. The clear sky and bright stars thus seen throughout the whole night, become objects of new interest, and I could almost fancy myself one of the shepherd people who, in the beautiful plains of Babylon and Egypt, in the early ages of the world, first began the study of those wonderful bodies. Since that period, how many a great mind has occupied itself with unravelling the secrets of this boundless region. From Thales and Pythagoras, to Ptolemy and Copernicus, from Tycho Brahe, to Galileo, Kepler, Descartes and Newton. Each immortal spirit has raised itself to that sublime height

where in proportion as its mystery is cleared, it appears to be but a simple type to man of God's greatness and goodness.

The sky at night is an object of which I am never tired. It is always new, thrilling and sublime. There are amateurs of earthy art who can gaze for ever upon the perfect pieces of their favorite masters, but how much more worthy of continual contemplation is this spectacle where God reveals himself indirectly to man. Who can doubt while gazing here? The more the subject is studied, the more it will be found a simple, intelligible emanation from the Creating and Superintending Power. Bring to examine it the genius of heathen philosophy, which was suffered, (doubtless with a wise intention, to soar as far as humanity could soar, without the direct aid of heaven,) or the great leaders of science since christianity was bestowed upon the world, and all those various and acute minds unite in discovering in these realms, a stupendous and undeniable proof of a wise, powerful, conscious, watchful Power, who made, who upholds, and who presides over it with a particular view to man. Whoever, with any intelligence and information, regards the heavens at night, can as well shut his eyes to their beams as to the truth, they communicate. How singular it is that man bestows so little of his attention on this subject—that he sees, night after night, and year after year, this great sign in the heavens—this eternal writing on the wall, thus visible at a glance to all mankind in a moment marked from the beginning of time in characters of light and fire, open to the study of every body, and repaying every observation of it with promises and proofs of subjects infinitely more interesting than any thing else, and yet that he too often beholds his life slip away without raising his eyes there, and learning by such large contemplations the smallness of the mere earthly objects which he is spending his time in pursuing.

A part of the cloudless and short night was passed in these reflections, 'till at length, with the gentlest of breezes occasionally wafting into my face sweeps of perfume, the pretty notes of the postillion's horn, the trampling of the horses over the broad excellent road, the barking of a dog now and then roused from his sleep, all mingling in my dreams with an effect not at all disagreeable, I sank to sleep, from which I did not wake 'till a pearly tender light had thrown over nature a new style of coloring, and the peasants were passing us in small parties by the road-side. By and by we came to a small town in Saxony. It was as entirely deserted as a theatre would be at the same hour, but it was heavily hung with garlands, and we passed several times under a massy chain of evergreens and flowers extending from house to house across the street. I forget what fête it was which had been celebrated the day before.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Cicero, in the first book of his *Tusculan questions*, truly exposes the vain judgment we are apt to form of the duration of human life, compared to eternity. In illustrating his argument, he quotes a passage of natural history from Aristotle, alluding to a species of insect on the banks of the river Hypanis, that never outlives the day of its birth.

To pursue the thought of this elegant writer, let us suppose one of the most robust of these Hypanians (so famed in history) was in a manner coeval with time itself; that he began to exist at the break of day; and that, from the uncommon strength of his constitution. he has been able to show himself active through ten or twelve hours. Through so long a series of seconds, he must have acquired vast wisdom in his way from observation and experience. He looks upon his fellow creatures, who died about noon, to be happily delivered from the many inconveniences of old age, and can perhaps recount to his great-grandson a surprising tradition of actions before any records of their nation were extant. The young swarm, who may be advanced one hour in life, approach his person with respect, and listen to his improving discourse.— Every thing he says will seem wonderful to this short-lived generation. The compass of a day will seem to be the whole duration of time; and the first dawn of light will, in their chronology, be styled the great era of their creation.

Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this Nester of Hypanis, should, a little before his death, and about sunset, send for all his acquaintance, friends and descendants, out of the desire he may have to impart his last thoughts to them, and to admonish them with his departing breath. They meet, perhaps, under the spacious shelter of a mushroom, and the dying sage addresses them after the following manner:

‘Friends and fellow citizens. I perceive the longest life must have an end; and the period of mine is now at hand; neither do I repine at my fate, since my great age has become a burthen, and there is nothing new under the sun. The calamities and revolutions I have seen in my country, the manifold private misfortunes to which we are all liable, and the fatal diseases incident to our race. have abun-

dantly taught me this lesson, that no happiness can be secure nor lasting which is placed in things which are out of our control. Great is the uncertainty of life!—A whole brood of insects have perished in a moment by a keen blast. Shoals of our straggling youth have been swept into the waves by an unexpected breeze!—What wasteful deluges have we suffered from a single shower! Our strongest holds are not proof against a shower of hail; and even a dark cloud makes the stoutest hearts quake. I have lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a larger size, and stronger make, and I must add, of greater virtue than any can boast of in the present generation.—I must conjure you to give yet farther credit to my latest words when I assure you, that yonder sun, which now appears westward beyond the water, and seems to be not far distant from the earth, in my remembrance stood in the middle of the sky, and shot his beams directly down upon us. The world was much more enlightened in those ages, and the air much warmer. Think it not dotage in me if I affirm that glorious being moves. I saw his first setting out in the east; and I began my course of life near the time when he commenced his immense career. He has advanced along the sky, with vast heat and unparalleled brightness, but now by his declension and a sensible decay (more especially of late) in his vigor, I foresee that all nature must fail in a little time, and that the creation will be buried in darkness in less than a century of minutes.

Alas, my friends, how did I once flatter myself with the hope of abiding here forever. How magnificent are the cells which I hollowed out for myself! What confidence did I repose in the firmness and spring of my joints, and the strength of my pinions! But I have lived enough to nature, and even to glory; neither will either of you whom I leave behind, have

equal satisfaction in life in the dark, declining age which I see already begun.

So much for fiction on the thought of Cicero. It will not seem extravagant to those who are acquainted with the manner of instruction practised by the early teachers of mankind. Solomon sends the sluggard to the ant; and, after his example, we may send the ambitious or the covetous, who seem to overlook the shortness and uncertainty of life, to the little insects on the banks of the Hypanis.—Let them consider their transitory state and be wise.

NOTES OF LIFE IN HAYTI.

BY AN AMERICAN.

NUMBER THREE.

THE cultivator of the North, where Christophe reigned, has the reputation of being more industrious than his brethren in the other districts. His black Majesty saw that they were disposed to give up all habits of labor, and counteracted such effects by the most arbitrary tyranny. The terror of his name was as effectual as the whip of the overseer; and they have accordingly preserved in some degree a taste for work. Not that the indolent are left entirely to their own free will, for there are various laws not only to promote but to enforce labor. Every country negro for example is obliged to live on his own land, or 'to take the act,' by which he binds himself to work upon a certain estate for a term of years; and any vagabonds who are found in the country without any visible means of subsistence are sent to prison. Often too, when the towns show an unusual number of idlers, a proclamation is issued by the commandant of the same, ordering them to betake themselves to their several places of abode. And there are other measures still more effectual to enforce labor; to compel people, in other words, to drive the wolf from their own doors. There resides within given limits a personage called the 'rural officer,' who has the supervision of the neighboring country, who visits the farms, and notes neglected land. Where the ground is found bearing too flagrant proofs of lazy occupants, they are marched off 'sans ceremonie' to gaol. Then a file of soldiers is seen marching into town, having in their midst a posse of men and women, ragged and half starved, coming from a rich piece of land overgrown with weeds and thickets, the coffee-trees overrun and choked up with worthless vines. Nothing prevents this wilderness from being made to blossom like the rose but the inveterate sloth of the shameless and sturdy occupants.

If it is asked how there can be any lazy people in such a country, the answer is, that the standard of industry is too low. The occasional punishment of individuals has doubtless some good effect as an example; but a good estate, having any thing like the comforts which a man with the aid of his family *might* command, is seldom seen. The number of whites residing in the Island is probably less than five hundred, (the population being not less than five hundred thousand,) and the deaths of whites in the different ports probably exceeds this number annually. There are not more than fifteen or twenty Americans residing in the whole length and breadth of the land; and of American merchants it is believed there is not one. An edict was issued a few years since, that no foreigner should henceforth be allowed to take a license as a merchant, excepting those already in trade, who could continue business by petitioning the President for

permission, at the beginning of each year, which permission he promptly granted.

The writer of this article was for some time the only American merchant in the Island, holding the right to do business in his own name, and paying therefor an annual tax of six hundred dollars. Having left the country, there is not now a single individual of his countrymen possessing this privilege; and the very large trade which we have with the Island has passed into the hands of native merchants. But not only are there no American merchants; there is no consul or other representative of the United States to protect her seamen and the interests of her citizens. At the same time the above regulation was promulgated, another was put forth, to the effect that no foreign consul or commercial agent should be recognized by government, unless he was the bearer of a letter from his own government to President Boyer. This stroke of policy was aimed directly at the United States, or rather it was beating Old Nick round the stump; since they well knew that our government would not notice the new law, and our consuls would immediately die a natural death, as far as the exercise of their functions was concerned.

To the foreigner landing upon these shores, or elsewhere within the tropics, the sun appears to have very nearly the same power at all seasons of the year; and one feels a constant anxiety more or less intense, until he is taken in hand by the acclimating fever. His chance then for life depends very much upon his habits, his constitution, and his medical attendance. If he survives the attack, he is ready to tread the soil like a native. With a broad Panama on his head he braves the scorching sun at every hour of the day; he enjoys the sea-breeze as it pours its refreshing streams through his apartments; and when it dies away he waits, cool and patient, for the land-wind which comes, as regular as night, fresh from the mountains. He no longer worries over every meal he eats, anxious and alarmed lest something which he has taken may be feverish and unwholesome food. His first glance in the morning is not at the glass to ascertain if his complexion has altered since the previous day. He no longer shrinks from a delicious morceau, fearing lest his enemy may lurk there; and he no longer shudders when a case of sickness or death is mentioned. But if he dies—ah! *then* there is the unattended hearse, the friendless funeral; and he lies unwept and forgotten in the stranger's grave.

There came to reside among us a French merchant, who received from his friends a large business. So thriving was he, that he sent all the way to Bordeaux for his brother. The latter soon arrived and proved a valuable acquisition to our little circle. Good tempered and gentlemanlike, and understanding perfectly the '*savoir vivre*,' he became at once a general favorite. After a residence of six or seven years it was agreed that Antoine, the younger, should return to France, to make arrangements for a more extensive trade. The ship was in the harbor which was to bear him to his native city, and he was making his preparations in the highest spirits, waiting for the voyage, and longing with a Frenchman's enthusiasm once more to see his own dear France. The anchor was a-peak, the sails were loosed, and the good ship was

ready 'like a greyhound in the slips' to bound away. The boat was sent for the passenger; he was feverish and could not embark; she waited for him until the next day; but he grew worse, and the ship went to sea. In one week, instead of being on his way *home*, he was in the silent grave-yard. His brother, who had been esteemed a hard unfeeling man, took his death deeply to heart. He lost his interest in every thing; his appetite failed him; and the strong man took to his bed, and in one month died of a broken heart, and was laid by the side of his brother. The visiter may find the grave-stones of Joseph and Antoine Savona side by side in that secluded cemetery. And yet this is perhaps the healthiest spot in the West Indies. Deaths among the foreign seamen are extremely rare, having averaged not more than one in three years, for the last nine! I never knew a case of yellow fever to occur; while Port-au-Prince, a hundred miles distant, has been the grave of tens of thousands slain by this fell destroyer.

The coast from Jeremie to Port-au-Prince presents a great variety of mountain scenery; and for two-thirds of the distance the voyager has the smooth 'bight of Leogane' to sail through, protected by the Island of Gonaives, which extends along the seaward side. Along this coast lay the district ruled by one of the five great Caciques, whom Columbus found when he dropped among them 'from the skies.' This was the territory of Xaragua. 'The Spaniards (who had formed a colony at the other extremity of the Island) had heard,' says IRVING, 'many accounts of the soft and delightful region of Xaragua, in one part of which some of the Indian traditions placed their Elysian fields. They had heard much also of the beauty and urbanity of the inhabitants. The mode of their reception was calculated to confirm their favorable prepossessions. About this time messengers arrived from Behechio, cacique of Xaragua, informing him that he had large quantities of cotton and other articles in which his tribute was to be paid, ready for delivery. The Adelantado, the brother of Columbus, immediately summoned a numerous train, who gladly set forth with him to revisit this fruitful and happy region. They were again received with songs, and dances, etc.' . . . 'The accounts of Xaragua give a picture of savage life in its perfection of indolent ease and untasked enjoyment. The troubles which distracted the other parts of devoted Hayti had not yet reached the inhabitants of this pleasant region. Living among beautiful and fruitful groves, on the borders of a sea which appeared forever tranquil and unvexed by storms; having few wants, and those readily supplied, they appeared emancipated from the common lot of labor, and to pass their lives in one uninterrupted holiday. When the Spaniards regarded the fertility and sweetness of this country, the gentleness of its people and the beauty of its women, they pronounced it a perfect paradise.'

The writer, for many years a resident in Xaragua, bears his testimony to the fidelity of these accounts, so far as soil, scenery and climate are concerned.

Hills of every shape, sometimes throwing up a wall five hundred feet above his head, appear about to oppose the traveller's progress, while the tall trees waving over the brink seem as if they might lose their balance and come crashing down upon his path. As he winds round the base,

a broad amphitheatre spreads out before him, formed by a series of hills sweeping round and up, in vast waves of verdure. Here, his horse treads upon a soft grassy carpet, where the ear cannot detect his footfall; and from the summit of this hill the blue ocean bursts upon the view, and apparently a stone cast from the hand would fall upon the beach below, though it is several miles distant. Here groves of the palmetto wave their crackling limbs; there the huge mahogany stands, the monarch of the woods. Now, as you pass under the lofty 'Monbin,' you crush at every step its fragrant and refreshing fruit. Here, you wind up a path so serpentine that you may converse with your companions who are higher up though they are two miles in advance by the road. There you may follow a river road, and completely change your prospect every hundred rods; there, you may follow another, and be compelled to ford its crystal waters thirty times in a less number of miles. Here a stream rushes through the defiles of the hills with the velocity of a torrent; there another flows gently along over snow-white pebbles. Here you pass through forests whose tall trees are so enveloped with vines running to their tops, that not a leaf of their own nor a particle of the trunk are visible. Now, the waves of the ocean lave your horse's feet as you ride along the beach, and anon you are climbing a hill where the steep sides and the thick growing trees contract the broad view of the minute previous into a few feet of pathway, and the light of noon is changed to the twilight of evening.

But where are now 'the gentle people' who lived on these fruits, and bathed in these rivers, and roamed over these hills, and were happy for unknown ages in this unknown world? They are gone, like the Iroquois, the Hurons, and the Delawares; yet *not* like them; for while these fell manfully, disputing the right of the intruders, and died like warriors, the mild children of Hayti were worn out with unaccustomed labor, and hunted to death, hardly striking a blow in defence of their beautiful homes! Two short centuries have passed, and their existence is like a dream. And who is the successor of the exterminated race? Is it the greedy Spaniard raving for gold? — or *his* supplanter, the proud Frenchman, smiling and satisfied, as he gazes upon the rich coffee-groves and cane-fields with which his enterprise had covered the soil? It is none of these. Another people, a stranger to them all, transplanted from their own distant homes, not by their own wills or their own wants, but to serve the wills and the wants of alien masters, are now the uncontrolled lords of the soil which their slavish hands had tilled. What romance, what tale that wiled away the 'nights' of the Arabian Caliph, is stranger than this romance of the red race and the black? The one unfitted by his wild education to breathe the same air with the white intruder upon his soil, and so to perish; the other brought from a distant quarter of the globe, humble and strong and easy, kisses the rod, until the day of change comes, and then, where the red AMERICAN perished, the AFRICAN overpowers the EUROPEAN, and rules triumphant over a land bathed in the blood of all!

To wile away a heavy hour, I was wont to stroll to a neighboring hill, where a broad expanse of ocean was spread out, and far on the distant horizon was seen the faint outline of mountains in Cuba and at

Cape Nicholai Mole. Part of the town swept around the base of the hill, and in full view lay the market-place and parade-ground; and as the different guard-stations were relieved, the roll of the drum came clear and sharp up the hill, reminding us that no display of guns and drums and bayonets was required in our own favored land. Many a sad and many a happy hour have we passed there. Sad, when the ocean gave no sign of long-expected tidings from home, throwing back upon our hearts the bitter feeling of 'hope deferred'; cheerful, joyous, when the good glass defined the white speck on the far distant horizon to be the square topsail of a foreign and probably of an American vessel! And then we were wont to sit down in the pleasant shade and watch her for hours as she grew taller and taller upon the waters, until at last the welcome emblem floated from the mast-head, and crowned our hopes with full fruition.

The summit of this hill was covered with the ruins of the mansion of the 'Commandant de la Place' of the ancient régime. The arches of the cellars, a rabbit warren, and other apartments of the basement remained, but not another vestige of the building itself, excepting the steps in front. The gardens extended round on every side, and were divided into sections or plots of some sixty or eighty feet square by solid masonry four feet high; and these walls are perfect. Many fruit trees still wave their golden boughs over these grounds, and the fragrant jasmines still 'waste their sweetness on the desert air.' The thoughts naturally reverted to the builders and occupants of this pleasant spot; to the fair children of France who assembled in this shady grove to hold pleasant converse; to read the last romance from Paris; to tune the light guitar, and to enjoy the view and the breezes of ocean. From the tall topmasts in the harbor below the lily-white flag of the Bourbons constantly greeted their sight; and as the warm thoughts of *home* arose, they would turn to the distant horizon, and gaze as if their vision could pierce through the thousand leagues which lay between them and their own or their fathers' birth-place. Is this mere fancy? Answer, emigrant or traveller, on whatever shore your alien feet have trod!

And thus they passed their days amid gardens and groves, and flowers and fountains; the busy town at their feet, with its paraphernalia of trade, was to them a volume which they did not seek to open; for these favorites of fortune were the children of colonial officers or of wealthy planters, and nothing but rank or riches found their way within the magic circle in which they moved. What gay banquets had been held beneath that roof! How had the tables groaned beneath the rich viands served in massive plate! How obsequious had been the slaves stationed behind each guest to change the varying courses and serve the sparkling wine! And where were now those guests? Though little more than a quarter of a century had passed, most if not all of them had paid the debt of nature; and if there were any survivors of the revolutionary horrors, they were far away, seeking consolation for their losses in the vain hope of restitution to their former grandeur. And where were the obsequious slaves? Many of them still lived. The old couple in yonder hovel were of the number. Victors in the struggle, they lived still in sight of their old home, and the magnificence of their

master's establishment is freshly remembered. Question them; their answers are vague and unsatisfactory. There is too much crime involved in such recollections. They would that a Lethe might pour its streams over the land and wash out the remembrance of the past, and the danger of future retribution! The negro of Hayti loves not to dwell upon by-gone days!

On my last visit 'to the hill,' in 1840, the flowers once so carefully nurtured still survived the neglect of an age, and were yet blooming around the broken steps and gate-way, and the guava and mango and orange bore their fruit in the deserted gardens: but the only charm of the spot, the melancholy one of loneliness, was destroyed. A squalid band of beggars and cripples had taken up their dismal abode in the arched cellars, from whence, as the bats flew in at dawn, they sallied forth, to begin with the day another struggle with famine and disease. The following anecdote will illustrate the aversion which the Haytien has to recur to past events. A Frenchman travelling in the island stopped at the house of an old negro, who for his zeal in revolutionary times had been raised to the rank of colonel. A plentiful repast of rice, fowls, bananas, etc., was set before the hungry Gascon, who did ample justice thereto. Turning over the heavy silver fork in his hand, he read a name engraved in large letters which he recognized as that of a rich planter who had lived in these parts. With vast indiscretion, our white man pursued his examination to the other spoons and forks upon the table, of which there was made quite a display, and found upon all, in large letters, as was the fashion with the ostentatious planter, the name of D'ORVILLE at full length. Aware that it was a ticklish question, but bursting with curiosity, he bearded the lion in his den, and cried out: 'Why, Colonel where did you get all this plate, which I perceive belonged to the family of D'Orville?' The Colonel laying down the banana which he was discussing with the knife and fork of Dame Nature, fixed his guest (and that guest a Frenchman) with a steady gaze, and without any outward sign of discomposure, answered quietly: '*Mangez mangé ou, blanc, et pas mêlez corps ou dans z'affaires qui pas gardé ou,*' which means: 'Eat your victuals, white man, and don't ask questions about things which do n't concern you.' The inquisitive guest afterward had his curiosity satisfied, by ascertaining that he had eaten his dinner on the D'Orville estate, and that the Colonel had been one of the D'Orville slaves! But the blacks are sometimes, nay often, much attached to the families of their old masters; bringing them presents from the country, living with them as servants, and taking an interest in all their concerns. This feeling is seen more commonly in the women. I refer to their *colored* owners, and not to the whites. None of the latter ever venture themselves upon the island.

There was one expression which the negroes bestowed upon each other occasionally, which I could not for a long time interpret. This was 'Negre-maitre.' Did it mean that the person addressed was a 'master negro' or negro 'par excellence?' From the vanity of the race, I thought this likely; but at last I ascertained the true meaning, which is 'master's negro.' So the next time I heard it I knew that *the two had belonged to the same master*, and that they gave each other the

affectionate title of 'master's niggers.' Great respect is paid to a difference of age. The boy of six years addressing the boy of ten, or the youth of sixteen accosting the man of twenty-five, is always expected to fit a handle to his senior's name. Among friends and intimates it is 'frere' or 'cousin,' or 'compere.' Thus, Jaques speaking to his elder, Pierre, says 'brother Pierre,' or 'cousin Pierre,' though there be no consanguinity between them. It is a singular mark of respect, always expected and always paid to a difference in age. When there are two of the same name, they call each other 'T'okai.' ST. CROIX.

L I F E I N H A Y T I .

N U M B E R F O U R .

NEW-ENGLAND boy as I was, to whom snow-banks were as familiar as green fields, the hot weather of Hayti in mid-winter began after a time to be very tiresome. December gone, January passing away, and nothing but a succession of bright suns, unclouded skies, and hot days! Nature rebelled against such unnatural weather, as much as the natives would have done against an atmosphere at zero.

At length there were tokens of some relief from the incessant brightness of the day-god. Clouds began to roll over from the northward; the sea assumed a darker hue, and sent forth low moans, like a chafed beast of prey. There was no wind, but the clouds grew larger and darker, and now and then a wave combed over, 'feather-white,' to seaward, like a tiger showing his teeth; and occasionally a 'roller' came in upon the beach with a voice of thunder. Then comes a puff of air from the north; another and another follows at short intervals from the same dreaded quarter, which increase in violence until the 'norther' is fairly declared. And now, sailors! look to your ground-tackle! Make all snug, and prepare for a gale!

The sky is now completely overcast with the murky rack; and the sun for a rarity is hidden from the view, though still making faint attempts to break through the unusual barrier. The waves roll higher and higher, and break terrifically upon the shore. The coasting craft are hauling round as far as possible behind the point, and boats in the harbor are plying back and forth, bearing extra cables and anchors, and the loud sea-song of the black sailors is borne on the gale. As the storm increases, the rock-bound shores resound with the noise of the billows, which come crashing in as if they would tear terra-firma from its foundations. I now began to feel more at home. To be sure it was not equal to a winter storm in father-land, with its driving snow; but it was a respectable imitation, even though the mercury did not fall below sixty degrees of Farenheit. I observed that as soon as night came on the houses were all closed; and on inquiring the reason, was told that it was on account of the coldness of the weather; a fall of twenty degrees from the usual temperature of eighty being too much for Creole constitutions.

In order more thoroughly to enjoy the storm, I went down in the evening to the quay or wharf, where I could feel the blast and see and hear old Ocean. The streets were deserted, and the soldiers on sentry duty were cowering in the guard-house. Getting to the farthest end, with the waves crumbling among the piles beneath my feet, I clung to a post and watched the swift-flying clouds, as one after another they blotted out the moon, amid 'the noise of many waters.' And there, like a lonely exile, I stood an hour, and thought of home and friends, and the school-mates from whom I had so recently parted. Many a young form passed in review before me, and I longed to clasp their hands once

more, and enter again with them into the sports and cares of boyhood. Gathered as we had been at —, from all parts of the Union, it was natural that we should be scattered again like leaves of the forest; but I felt in that solitary hour as if no one of us had been wafted farther from his parent-tree than myself. The rain fell while I was thus 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' and when I returned to the house I was drenched to the skin.

My entrance was greeted with upraised hands and eyes, and a volley of exclamations from the servants, which proved to be a mixture of scolding and lamentations for the poor '*petit blanc*,' who would most assuredly have a fever the next day. The fever! This was a part of the performances which I had no relish for; so following their eager advice, I tore off my wet clothes and went to bed. The next morning I awoke with a severe attack from the dreaded enemy, which however was speedily mastered by a clever Frenchman who in France had kept a '*boutique d'apotecaire*,' but in Hayti was a regular M. D. So much had he gained by going 'to the colonies,' or rather away from home; for 'a prophet is never honored,' etc.

As the troops of children passed our doors on their way to and from school, it was amusing to witness the variety of complexions they exhibited. Positively no two of them were of the same color. Every nation on the face of the earth might find its representative in complexion, be they white Saxons, black Africans, or yellow Chinese; dark Moor, red Indian, or swarthy Spaniard; or any of the intermediate lights and shades of the human face divine. All I say would find in this (and nearly every other West-India town) their counterparts in color. The principal boys' school was on the Lancasterian plan. The master is an intelligent native, who fled his country in revolutionary times; and in his search after a quiet life found himself (of all situations to gratify such a taste!) a soldier in Soult's army in Spain. He had found his way home at last, bringing light pockets and a ball in a limb; and his experiences had given him a fund of anecdote, a reverence for 'L'Empereur,' and a limp in his gait. And how many of the sons of France had found *their* ways home after the weary wars of Napoleon, in the same plight with this unfortunate Dominic! And yet they all sang:

'It was a glorious victory!'

I am inclined to believe that the worthy pedagogue was in the habit of 'fighting his battles o'er again' to his boys, thereby inspiring them with a military spirit. Certain it is, that a majority of the urchins were usually arrayed in a miniature soldier's coat, having a standing collar, army buttons, and trimmed with light-blue or scarlet cloth; the same being in close imitation of the garments worn by their captain or lieutenant sires. It cannot however be the spirit-stirring tales of Maitre Cleverin which have clothed his youngsters in warlike vestments, for the chivalrous fashion prevails in other parts of the island. The same spirit is inculcated by the Commandant, who puts his little boys into the regiment, and makes them exercise with the troops in line.

The difference in the habits of the hardy sons of the north and the languid people of the south displays itself in early life. Here were no athletic games to wile the out-of-school hours away. The youngsters

would as soon have thought of jumping over a house as over each other's heads at a game of leap-frog; and they would have shrunk away from a well-contested game of foot-ball, such as come off in the grounds of our northern seminaries, where 'Greek meets Greek' with a 'tug of war' scarcely equalled since the days of the tournaments. At school however many of these boys are far from being dull scholars, but make good proficiency in the simple branches of education which they are taught. Specimens of their chirography for example can be produced, as symmetrical and elegant as copper-plate. The mention of this art brings to mind an article of stationery of fine quality, which is found here. The sea-beach is a black sand, as coarse as common gray sea-sand; but there is one spot of ten or twelve yards square which is of fine grain and of the brightest purple, with all the hues and tints of a rich velvet. This we prepared by washing in fresh water, and sent it by sacks-full to our friends. This is the only spot where I have ever seen the black sand of stationers; and it appeared very singular that it should never be mixed with the coarser sands lying on all sides; although it is covered by the sea at high tide.

The remark is often heard, that in all parts of the earth are to be found Scotchmen; and moreover, that a 'cannie Scot' will thrive in any land and in any clime. Among the handful of whites residing here, there was one who was born not exactly in the 'land o' cakes,' but a little to the northward, in the Ultima Thule itself, and in no less renowned a spot than the island of jolly Magnus Troil, and in sight, as he assured me, of his house. With the fair Minna and Brenda still fresh in memory, and the roar of 'Sunburgh Head' still ringing in my ears, my wonder may be conceived on finding one day that I had been discussing the merits of 'the Pirate' with a veritable compatriot of Triptolemus Yellowly and of Norna of the Fitful Head!

The story of my new and agreeable friend was singular enough. When he left his home to seek his fortune he bent his steps, like all Englishmen, first to London; thence to the United States with a British consul; and from there to St. Domingo, where he had been an eye-witness of many of the atrocities of Dessalines and others, although he had always felt safe as a British subject, while transacting, as he did at one time, a large business. He was a well-read man, and of no little value to our small circle; although, like a true John Bull, full of eulogies on British power and influence, and full of sarcasm for every thing French, from Charles the Tenth to a poodle-dog; and I never could see that either their elevation or abasement of kings ever tended to exalt the people in his estimation. One being as curious to hear something of New-England as the other was to learn more of the Orkneys, we exchanged information as far as our respective abilities would allow; and at the same time were refreshed by an opportunity of using our mother tongue instead of the Creole jargon which was jabbered from morning till night on every hand. He had left his northern home long before Walter Scott visited it, otherwise he would have had an opportunity of 'ciceroning' the Baronet about the Island, and of pointing out those localities afterward depicted so vividly in the pages of 'The Pirate.' Such an occupation would have been to my friend an inexhaustible source of pleasant fancies ever after; and perhaps he would

have gone with Scott to Edinburgh, and so have altered entirely his fortunes, and probably not for the worse. But it was not so to be; and Mr. S — has lived thirty years in this distant corner of the south, and for most of the time the only British subject within as many leagues.

Another of our little circle of 'blancs' was a Spaniard, born in Cadiz. He too had emigrated from the old world to the new, in his youth, in search of an honorable independence. His first place of residence was in the city of Caraccas, where he acquired property and lived happily, until the fearful night of the great earthquake which overthrew that capital. He was roused from his slumbers by the rocking of the house, which was of stone; and in a few moments it was hurled to the ground. He escaped miraculously, and left the hapless city an impoverished man. In his wanderings he visited Hayti and settled in this community, and was again at the head of a prosperous business, when a relentless fever took him from among us; not however until he had seen another of the elements bursting from its natural bounds, and spreading still greater desolation in its path than was caused by the earthquake of Caraccas. Signor Champana was this time however more fortunate; for the roof only of his house was lifted off and deposited in the road by the hurricane of 1831; whereas the earthquake had razed his mansion to its foundations. This gentleman enjoyed thus the unenviable distinction of having had one house shaken to pieces and another blown away by the unruly elements.

There was in command of a regular trader between our port and Philadelphia a worthy 'ancient mariner' who had been there fifty years before, in the capacity of cabin boy. His account of the state of things at that time was almost incredible; yet it tallied well with the stories of the old people; and we had no other way of getting at any thing like statistics, all public records having been destroyed. He assured us that the harbor now so deserted was then filled with large French vessels, and that the quays and stores were loaded with sugar, coffee, rum, and indigo, the produce of the plantations in the district. What a wonderful change has come over this fair island! Not a pound of indigo has been manufactured for a quarter of a century, although the frequent occurrence of the shrub growing wild shows it to have been once abundant. In place of the huge hogsheads of sugar which filled ship after ship, and supplied half Europe, the whole produce of the island is now a few hundred barrels, not one of which is exported. In fact, white sugar is frequently imported into this island from the United States. The quantity of rum produced is also very small compared with former times, none being exported, although great quantities are unfortunately distilled for 'home consumption.' And lastly, in place of the three or four millions of coffee, which this custom-house now exports, there were then exported forty millions of pounds! — equal to nearly the whole crop of the island at the present time. In *those* days it was not uncommon for a planter to raise one hundred thousand pounds. In *these* days he is a fortunate proprietor who can deliver six thousand, of which one half goes to the cultivators.

The agricultural habits of this people are in a state of transition, and not exactly of stagnation; as might be inferred from the enormous deficits in all their crops. Each year the tillers of the soil grow more

averse to living upon land which they do not own, as the tenure of occupancy compels them to divide the produce with the owner. The facilities for purchasing land have vastly increased. The average price for many years has been about twelve dollars Haytien (two of which make one Spanish) per acre. In 1826, the grower received for his coffee six dollars and a half per hundred pounds. With a depreciating currency, the price has constantly increased until 1840, when the price was nineteen dollars. But as the price of land did not increase in value as well as its products, (a bad sign in any country,) we see the cultivator now able to purchase thrice as many acres with his bag of coffee as he could fifteen years ago. With such facilities and advantages staring them in the face, the negroes must be inconceivably degraded and stupid not to profit by them, and thus become not only the tillers but the owners of the soil. Indeed so valueless have the estates become to the colored proprietors living in the towns, that they readily give credit to the purchaser.

In tropical climates the land-holders are usually the richest portion of the community. Why then, it may be asked, do the colored people, the mixed bloods, (who are more intelligent and better educated than the blacks,) thus willingly part with their territorial possessions? Have they trades or professions which are more lucrative than that of the agriculturalist? The answers to these questions involve facts in regard to the race whose characteristics we are describing which will perhaps be novel to many of our readers. In the first place, there is in this state of Hayti, this black republic, whose motto is 'Liberté, Egalité,' a great amount of ARISTOCRACY. There is an aristocracy of money, of place, of military renown, of education, of family, and strongest and most conspicuous of all, of color. The first is to be found in the richer merchants and shop-keepers, male and female, of whom there are some in every town, who exert a great influence over their fellow citizens. The aristocracy of place includes not only all those on the civil list, but all the officers of the army; not only judges and 'commissaries,' secretaries of departments, treasurers, collectors, *et hoc genus omne*, but also generals and commandants, colonels and captains, innumerable; all of whom attach sufficient importance to their several situations, and are presumed to be friendly to the government.

Quite a number of young men are sent to Europe (usually to France) for an education; some of these return accomplished and refined by their sojourn in good seminaries: others bring back to their native soil all the fopperies and vices of Paris. There are probably not far from a hundred Haytien students in France at all times. These may be called the *learned élite*, and they adopt either the medical or legal profession, the priesthood not being popular with them. The pride of *family* forms still farther material for the formation of 'caste.' The casual observer sees nothing of this, but an intimate acquaintance proves to him that there are as strongly marked lines in this respect as in any other; and there is sometimes found a 'clannishness' worthy of the banks of Loch Lomond. The pride of color needs no explanation. Nearly all the families of mankind look upon the white race as the most highly endowed. In a country therefore where one portion of the population is allied to this superior race while another portion is

not, it follows that there must exist a *natural* aristocracy, and such I conceive to be emphatically the case in Hayti.

It must not be supposed however that upon these different foundations, more or less substantial for creating differences of rank, there is allowed to be raised any proud superstructure which shall tower over the heads of the people. Though all these feelings exist, yet any attempt to show them or to follow out the views of their possessors, would be instantly crushed by the mass. Where a conscious feeling of superiority exists, great care is taken that it does not break the bounds prescribed by the constitution, comprised in those magical words, '*Liberté, Egalité.*'

A great source of recreation as well as of health we found in the beautiful river which winds through the hills back of the town. Its pellucid current flows briskly along over a bed of pebbles, and the banks at our favorite bathing places were of clean 'shingle,' shaded by clusters of the graceful bamboo. The path lay through a plain which once formed the rich sugar estate 'Benquier;' but in place of the canes there was now a dense forest of guava-trees, from which we plucked the fruit as we rode along. This tree and the logwood have sprung up spontaneously on the deserted lands, and where unchecked have formed impenetrable thickets. We resorted frequently to the banks of the river in the cool of the afternoon, and lingered till dark, watching the 'crabier,' a small snow-white crane, stalking 'silent and thoughtful by the solemn shore,' or listening to the murmuring stream and the soft breezes playing through the trees; and as we looked beyond the scenes before us to the gentle outlines of the undulating hills, and heard the merry notes of the oriole from the groves on every hand, we could not help confessing that life in such a land might be as sweet as it is possible to be on earth. There was nothing to operate as a drawback upon these smiles of Nature. Those terrors of tropical rivers, the alligators, are unknown. The huge serpents and ferocious beasts which render the solitudes of our southern continent so hazardous, are banished from this terrestrial paradise. Instead of the venomous reptiles so common to these latitudes, we saw on every side little chameleons or lizards running nimbly and harmlessly along the ground, or over the trunks and limbs of the trees.

Now and then the noisy laugh of some neighboring rustic or of merry wayfarers would pierce the air; and if they came in sight, a distrustful scowl, or saucy joke, or civil greeting would meet us, according as the feelings of the individual were favorable or otherwise toward the 'blancs.' If we wandered farther up toward the 'passe,' or ford, we amused ourselves with watching the people crossing the river '*à la nage.*' They dodged the ferry-boat below, and took to the water like ducks, men, women and children, and waded, swam, and scrambled across, as the river happened to be high or low. If they chanced to have a horse or a donkey in charge, they transferred the huge bundles of grass or bananas from their own heads to the already loaded backs of their animals, and so 'plunged in and buffeted it with lusty sinews.'

There is one rural occupation, which we of the north are wont to consider the most delightful of all, which is unknown in the tropics. I mean that of the hay-maker. The graceful sweep of the mower's

sythe, the busy rakers, and the fragrant hay-stacks are never seen. The coarse guinea-grass grows at all seasons, and is the common provender for animals from the beginning to the end of the year, being cut daily to furnish the daily supply. Horses after eating it for some time will not touch the best hay. But the loss of the cheerful song of the hay-maker is not the only thing missed in the rural life of the tropics. In a country where 'the quarters' succeed each other in monotonous similitude, with nothing to mark the ingress of the one or the egress of the other, we lose the greatest charm of life — the change of the seasons. How delightful is Spring, with its soft mornings, and buds and blossoms, when Earth has shaken off the icy hand of Winter! How pleasant is Summer, with its bright days and flowers, and rural scenes and refreshing showers! — contrasting all, as we constantly do, with the sternness of a more inclement season. How delicious are the golden days of Autumn, each one of which we would cleave to for ever; when the fields are heavy with the golden harvest, and the gardens hang with ruddy fruits, and the sun, shorn of his fiery beams, is succeeded at night by the harvest moon! And when old Winter comes round again, has he not his thousand delights? The bright fire-side, with pleasant friends or pleasant books; the merry sleigh-bells, the gay reunions, the intellectual feasts? Is it not the season when, spite of the freezing air without, the flow of soul gushes most sparkling within? Its chilling breath may blight all nature without, yet it is powerless upon the heart and soul of man. Does it not rather rouse and stimulate his energies to prepare for its coming? It is an affecting type of that other winter which will follow it: that long cold freezing winter. 'in which no man can work!'

ST. CROIX.

Original.

PICTURES FROM A PAINTER'S LIFE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It was a balmy morning in the month of June. The school-bell in the little village of F——, Maine, was ringing its last warning peal, and a troop of rustic children were gathered at the porch. As the tall, gaunt master stalked through the throng, that divided hurriedly to make way for him, the frown deepened on a brow habitually stern; for he missed the fair face of one, who was too often a truant from his power. And where is he? The river-beach, about a mile distant from the school, is smiling in the light of the morning sun, and there, basking in its beams, on the warm and sparkling sand, sits a beautiful boy of seven years old. A profusion of golden hair waves back from the fair, transparent temples, and reveals a face glowing with health and joy. His red lips are slightly parted, his blue eyes raised, and gazing with more than childish ecstasy on the changes of the light clouds, as they float in the blue air above him. In his dimpled hand he holds a slip of elderberry, with which he has been tracing figures in the sand. A ship—a hut—a tree—rudely sketched indeed, but still with a fidelity to nature, wonderful in one so young. And now he resumes his occupation with an earnestness, that proves his whole heart is in his play. We will not interrupt him; we will not tell him that the innocent and lovely little hand, which now yields him, with its skill, so pure a pleasure, is destined, to-morrow, to the torture of a ferule. We will leave him to his present enjoyment, and perhaps we may meet him again.

A large, grated apartment in the common jail at Charleston, South Carolina, is filled with prisoners. One of them is a fair, slight boy of ten years, in the graceful garb of a sailor. His cheek is pale by privation and early suffering; but in his eye, the fire and energy and truth of a high and dauntless spirit, are still unquenched. He is mounted on a barrel, and has sketched, with a bit of charcoal, the image of a spread eagle, beneath which he is now scrawling—"Liberty and Independence for ever!" At the sight of this motto—strange enough on a prison-wall—a shout arises from the spectators, and the youth turns his head and smiles. It is he!—the truant of the village school. But the scene changes. He is standing at the prison door. A lovely child, the jailor's daughter, is beside him. Her dark eyes filled with tears, are raised imploringly to his. She holds towards him the keys of the jail, while she intreats him to escape ere her father's return. With a smile of mingled pride and gratitude, he replies—"No, Mary, I should involve you in disgrace, if I did, and I would rather brave again the tyranny of the cruel captain, than so repay your kindness; but fear not, dear, I shall again escape from that hated ship, and will be more cautious than before, you may be sure."

On the summit of the Caraccas mountains, stands, with bare and bleeding feet, a youthful pilgrim. There

is a faint flush on his cheek, which is yet soft and fair with the innocence of childhood, and his wild, sad eyes kindle with involuntary rapture as he gazes at the scene below him. Slung over his shoulder, on a staff, is a little knapsack, containing all his worldly possessions. It is the runaway sailor boy. He has seen but little more than ten years of actual life, but his heart, in that time, has lived *an age* of misfortune and grief and endurance. He is alone in the wide, wide world—poor—wretched—friendless. Does he weep? No! He has no tears left for himself—he has shed them all on the far off grave of his parents, and his keen blue eyes are tearless, but dark with unspeakable woe. He has walked, barefoot, nearly an hundred miles, in the course of eight days—sometimes sleeping on the ground, and once or twice, sheltered in the hut of some hospitable Indian or Spaniard, whose heart his tender youth—his patient, suffering, angel-smile have melted to compassion. He is now faint with hunger and fatigue. Does his young spirit fail him? No! There is a desperate pride and power within, that will not let him yield. He almost glories in his forlorn destiny, strange and sad as it is for one so young! He lifts his resolute brow to heaven with a trust that no danger or grief can subdue, and goes calmly on his way. A traveller meets him, and touched by his beauty and desolate appearance, offers him money. The boy's heart swells within him;—with a proud smile he thanks him, and refuses. No! with all his woes, he is still independent, thank God! He has still half a real—six cents—in his pocket, and shall he, who, since the age of eight years, has earned his own livelihood—shall he receive the bounty of a stranger? He passes on with a firmer step, forgetting his weariness in his pride. He hopes to find at La Guyra, an American ship, in which he can be allowed to work his passage home—to his mother's grave! and he strains his eyes to discover, through the mist, the starry flag of his native land. But suddenly his steps are arrested—he forgets all—his grief, his hope, his pride, his poverty—in the wondrous beauty of the scene beneath him. I will describe it in his own words, written, years afterwards, to a friend.

"A storm had been gradually brewing over the ruins of Caraccas, which lay at the foot of the mountain. The huge dense clouds gathered and rolled along the valley, 'till the place where I stood seemed but an island in mid-ocean. The birds flew wildly about. The creeping things hastened to their holes in the earth—the moan of the winds was hushed, and an awful silence spread over the rocky eminence. But the mist beneath, with its continual and ever-lovely changes in color and in shape, who would have dreamed, that the fierce tempest was brooding in the bosom of so much beauty? Yet so it was. Even the sun-born rainbows, smiling with their soft bloom through the shifting and darkening vapors—even they—evanescent and exquisitely beautiful as they were, seemed but bridges raised for the demon spirits of the storm to pass from cloud to cloud, directing as they went, the dread thunderbolt on its errand of destruction. The lurid fire shone even in the sunlight, and striking a little below the pinnacle, on

which I stood, hurled from its bed a massive rock, which, in descending the steep and rugged side, forced every thing before it, while hill to hill re-echoed the fearful sound long after it had reached the valley below. A more sublimely beautiful, yet terrific scene, could hardly be imagined ; my soul swelled within me, and I was half frantic with delight, as I stood above the clouds and the storm, in the sunshine, and alone ! It was a strange balm to my wounded and desolate heart, to feel that what to others of my fellow beings wore a gloomy and threatening aspect, to *me*, assumed a glory brilliant and gorgeous beyond description. But alas ! the vision faded ! the clouds were borne away upon the western wind, and I resumed my journey down the side of the mountain."

Gentle reader, let the author's wand—namely, his pen—transport you for a moment to a scene in London. One of the royal family is receiving, in his gorgeous saloon, the élite of English society. The Ducal palace is brilliantly illuminated. At the moment we raise the veil, the noble host courteously addresses a guest, in whom he seems particularly interested. It is a young, self-taught, American artist, whose pencil, employed for some of the noblest and loveliest in the land, has gained him a celebrity, which his genius and his inexhaustible energy richly deserve. A slight but elegant frame, evidently spirit-worn—a pale, intellectual face—eyes beaming with the beauty of an ardent soul—a forehead singularly fair and pure—a well-formed head, slightly, and rather proudly thrown back—a calm and graceful address. Can this be the poor and wretched sailor-boy, who stood, twelve years ago, with his little knapsack, alone, on the heights of Caraccas ? Look at the white throat, the curved lip, with its sweet, yet half-disdainful smile ; it is the same ! He is happy now. Sought and caressed by the noble, the fair and the wise ; loving and beloved by one, to whom his smile is dearer than the light of heaven. Is he quite happy ? No. His restless ambition is still unsatisfied. He is nothing if he be not first ; and he must still toil for pre-eminence.

Reader ! do you care to know his present whereabouts ? More than twenty years have rolled by, since he was a happy truant from the village-school. But they have not chilled his heart, or weakened his spirit, or subdued his enthusiastic love of his profession. He has returned to his native land, prosperity and fame attending his steps, and his rooms are daily thronged with the lovely and gifted, of one of the principal cities in the union.

RAILROAD SCENE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

NECESSITY is the parent of invention. This is illustrated in the rise of railroads, from accidental causes. In some parts of England, where mining is common, it was at first customary to lay parallel rails in the mines, on which two wheel carriages were moved by men. Afterwards the carriages were enlarged, and horses were used. The rails were finally extended beyond the mines to the wharves where the coal was shipped. The rails were at first of wood, which was subsequently overlaid with wrought iron. Cast iron was used about a century afterwards. At length wrought iron was restored, but was used in a different form. At present, in the United States, rails of wood are used, which being faced with iron answer the best purpose. The wood is a spring, yielding at first to the shock of the heavy weights moved upon it, and then restoring itself.

The best locomotive engines in present use rest on six wheels. Two of these are larger than the others, and are driven by the engine. In this country the four small wheels are joined by frame work under one end of the carriage, and the other end rests on the large wheels. The locomotive is propelled by high pressure steam power. Two cylinders are generally used, and to the piston of each cylinder a connecting rod is adapted, which is applied at the other extremity to a crank on the axle of one of the pairs of wheels on which the engine is carried.

Upon a well constructed railroad, a horse power can propel a load of more than twenty tons. Fifteen tons is a common load on a level road. The advantage of a good railroad over a turnpike is about as twelve to one. A canal has the advantage in this respect over a railroad, when horses are employed as the propelling power. But if speed be the object, it is otherwise. In this case railroads are superior to canals, even when horses are used as the moving power. Ten miles an hour is the greatest speed that can be maintained by horse power on a canal, but fifteen miles an hour can be accomplished on railroads. The reason of this difference is the increased resistance to motion in fluids at a high velocity.

Railroads are valuable principally from the fact that steam can be used in propelling the cars. By this means great speed may be obtained. At present from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour is a common rate of locomotion on railroads. This is sometimes increased to thirty, forty, or even fifty miles an hour. It is an interesting scene to witness from twelve to twenty cars, each of which accommodates fifty persons with seats, moving at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, and continuously, without any pausing for relays of horses.

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Two methods have been adopted for the propulsion of carriages on railroads by steam, namely, stationary and locomotive engines. Stationary engines are set up on the sides of the road, and they act on the cars by means of ropes or chains. They are used where the level changes too abruptly to be surmounted by the use of locomotives, which is generally the case when the ascent of the inclined plane exceeds the limit of from 100 to 200 feet per mile, according to the power of the engine. At some greater inclination than 100 feet per mile, an additional engine is often used; but whenever the inclination exceeds 200 feet per mile, the stationary engine is resorted to. The passage of the mountains between Johnstown and Hollidaysburg, in Pennsylvania, is made by a great number of inclined planes and stationary engines. Some of the inclinations are more than half a mile in length. In the month of May or September, a passage over the mountains at this point affords the traveler who has a taste for wild and picturesque scenery much entertainment.

Great improvements are going on in our own country as well as in Europe in the construction of railroads. It is reasonable to expect that in less than twenty years, nearly all the prominent cities of America will be connected by them; and in the mean time such perfection will be attained in their construction, and in the application of steam as a propelling power, that thirty miles or more per hour will be a common and safe rate of traveling. Then the Buckeye may take his early coffee in his native state, and late at evening drink tea with his friend in Baltimore. The merchant may easily leave Ohio on Monday, spare two or three days to make his purchases in Philadelphia, and be at home on Saturday evening to keep the Sabbath holy.

The frontispiece is an admirable picture of a railroad scene. The cars are represented as departing from the city, whose spires and steeples are seen in the background; and wayside grazers, roused by the sudden and threatening invasion of their solitude, seek safety in flight. The artist has succeeded to admiration in imparting to the whole scene an air of life and motion; and as we gaze, we almost listen in expectation of hearing the rapid escape of steam, and the sound of the wheels in their rapid whirl.

The reader will perceive at a glance that the locomotive in this picture is represented as borne on four wheels instead of six, which we have stated to be the usual mode.

S T R A Y L E A V E S

F R O M T H E P O R T - F O L I O O F A G E O R G I A L A W Y E R .

N U M B E R T W O .

ONE of the striking peculiarities of our people is the disposition to *talk tall*; that is, to use the largest and the longest and the most difficult words to express the simplest ideas. It was this same error which made Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Edward L. Bulwer fail in their legislative career. They were both (especially the first) of eminent literary attainments, highly 'talented,' and good judges of human nature; and it was but fair to presume that thus gifted, they would have distinguished themselves greatly in parliament; but they spoiled every thing by coming there steeped in dictionary, and 'talking tall;' or to express the idea in the language of an English writer, 'they spoke over the heads of other people.'

This peculiarity is indigenous in Georgia, but it grows elsewhere also. When General Lafayette came to Savannah in 1825, he was feasted, and paraded, and invited about, until the excess of hospitality made him sick. His son, George Washington Lafayette, seeing his father's condition, and dreading that he might be made seriously ill, exclaimed, wringing his hands Frenchman-like, in an agony of grief: 'They will *assassinate* him by kindness!'

This mode of expression developes itself on every occasion ; at the bar and on the bench, at home or abroad, drunk or sober, our people 'talk tall.' Ask a man for instance in one of our frontier or upper counties what kind of ague he had had, and he will tell you that it was 'exorbitantly chillyish.' Demand of him what kind of fever followed on, and he will answer that 'it was not *extravagant*, but it rather *ascended* into bilious.'

Another species of this peculiarity is to twist large words out of their original meaning, and give them a signification which no dictionary or usage would sanction. They come to the knowledge of the words by hook and by crook, and they are determined to use them in the same way. An instance of this kind occurred in the county of —, a short time since. In a criminal case which had created considerable excitement, a large number of jurors had been summoned in the afternoon, and it being too late to proceed with the case that day, they were adjourned over until the morning, with strict injunctions from the Judge that they should report themselves then and there duly sober. The morning came, and so did the jurors. They had remembered one part of the court's command, but they had forgotten the other, and some of them were in a very 'spirited condition.'

'Call the first juror,' said the Judge.

'William Jones!' bawled the officer.

'He-e-e-re!' answered 'Bill,' with a loud shout, and a prolongation of the word for about a minute. As soon as he could be heard, the Judge kindling with indignation, thus addressed the delinquent :

'How dare you come into court, Sir, in this condition? Did I not tell you not to appear here drunk? Stand up, Sir!'

Jones made a desperate effort and stood upright, steadying himself upon the shoulders of his adjacent fellows. 'May it please your Honor,' at last stammered he, 'I am not drunk ; I am only *slightly interrogated*.'

That word has formed ever since a part of the vocabulary of the county ; and no one there dreams now of applying any other term to a man who is greatly intoxicated than that he is 'slightly interrogated.' By the by, I don't know that Jones was much out of the way in his answer, for as a juror he certainly was in a very question-able attitude.

This propensity is displayed in another manner. If a man is a tailor, for example, he will use similes and tropes and words relating to his trade, when he is speaking of quite a different subject. I will give an instance of this, which will enable me also to relate a reminiscence of the circuit. A few years ago I attended the Superior Court for the county of —. The court adjourned late in the night, and the Judge and Bar being very weary, retired to their beds immediately thereafter. We were all in the same room, and immediately adjoining to us was the bar-room, and the chinks or vacant spaces in the partition enabled us to see and hear all that was going on. Shortly after we had retired, about forty men, 'pretty well corned, and up to every thing,' entered the liquor-room. No sooner had they arrived there than they commenced boasting. 'I'm the step-father of the Earth!' said one. 'I'm the yellow blossom of the forest!' exclaimed another, and requested his fellow citizens then and there being 'to nip the bud, if they dared.'

'I'm kin to a rattle-snake on the mother's side!' shouted the Earth's ancestor. This seemed to be a '*socdoliger*;' (which translated into Latin, means a *ne plus ultra*;) for the 'yellow blossom' stopped to consider what answer he could possibly make to this high claim of ancestry. A happy thought struck him.

'Will you drink or fight?' roared he, in a voice of thunder.

A dead silence ensued, or at least a subdued murmur, 'twixt which and silence there was nothing.' Perhaps a more embarrassing question could not have been propounded. The rattle-snake's son was exceedingly thirsty; the sands of Arabia were not more so; and liquor was the idol of his heart. He loved it dearly, but he loved fighting also; and here was a glorious chance to 'lick' an adversary he had long longed to get at. *Curia vult advisare*. He was deliberating between these equally pleasant alternatives, when it occurred to him that it was possible to accomplish both.

'Both!' responded he, 'both. I'll drink first — I'll fight afterward.'

A loud shout of approbation rose from the crowd. The liquor was called for — a pint of buck-eye whiskey — and impartially divided into two tumblers. The adversaries each took one, and grasping each other with their left hands, and touching the glasses together in token of amity, drained their respective goblets to the last drop, and then smashed them over the heads of each other, and at it they went. A clamor ensued so terrific that the English language has no word that would be sufficiently expressive of it. All sorts of encouragement were offered by the friends of each combatant, and an amateur who had no particular predilection for either, jumped upon the counter, and commenced singing a poetic description of all the naval battles of America, from the time of Columbus to the present day, (which somebody has had the barbarity to put into miserable verse,) keeping time with his heels on the counter. Just as he had got to the one hundred and ninety-ninth verse, and was in the midst of what he called 'the Wasp and Hornet arrangement,' his melody was stopped by a shrill cry from the 'yellow blossom of the forest,' who began to fall into the sere and yellow leaf, and gave manifest symptoms of being whipped.

'He bites!' screamed he.

'I get my livelihood by biting,' said the other, relaxing his hold for a moment, and then taking a fresh start.

'Nuff! 'nuff! take him off!'

Up rose the rattle-snake, amidst loud cheerings. His first impulse was to crow like a cock; then he changed his genus very suddenly, and declared that he was a 'sea-horse of the mountain,' and that he had sprung from the Potomac of the earth: then he was a bear with a sore head; a lion with a mangy tail; a flying whale; in short, he announced himself to be every possible and every impossible bird, beast, and fish, that the land or the sea has ever produced.

His wit having exhausted itself, some fresh excitement or novelty was requisite. 'Let's have *Bingo*!' suggested a by-stander. 'Huzza for *Bingo*!' echoed the crowd. Well, thought I, I do n't know who and what *Bingo* is, but I do know that when things reach their worst condition, any change must be for the better; and as any change from this

terrible riot must be for the better, I say too, 'Huzza for Bingo!' Alas! as the sequel proved, I deceived myself greatly.

A gallon of whiskey with spice in it, and a gallon of Malaga wine were placed on a large table, around which about forty men seated themselves, having first elected a president *vivâ voce*. The president elect commenced the game by singing at the top of his voice :

'A farmer's dog sat on the barn-door,
And Bingo was his name, O !'

And then they all shouted in chorus :

'And Bingo was his name, O !'

'B,' said the president, 'I' said the next, 'N' the third, 'G' the fourth, 'O' the fifth; and then the chorus, taking up the letter 'O,' again shouted :

'And Bingo was his name, O !'

If either missed a letter, or said 'n' for example, when he should have said 'i,' his penalty was to take a drink, and the company as a privilege drank with him; and with such slight interruptions as the time for drinking would occupy, this continued for about six hours.

At last the patience of the Judge (who was quite a young man, and who is not more than a squirrel's jump from me while I write) became exhausted, and he called for the landlord. Our host, who was a tailor by trade, and who was also one of the Bingo fraternity, made his appearance with a candle in his hand and a very affectionate and drunken leer upon his countenance.

'Go, Sir,' said the Judge, 'into the next room, and tell those drunken lunatics that if they do n't stop their beastly noise I'll commit every one of them to jail in the morning for contempt of court.'

'Oh, Judge!' answered our host, holding up his unoccupied hand in token of his amazement: 'oh! Judge, you'll give me the *double-breasted horrors!* Why, Judge, work is *scace* and people's pertikler; and if I was to preliminary your orders to that crowd of gentlemen, why Judge, I'd pick up a lashing in a leetle less than no time;' and off he staggered. Bingo was forthwith resumed, until gradually the chorus became more confused and indistinct. Chaos had come again. The actions of the virtuous gentlemen there assembled ceased to be above-board, and were carried on under the table. Some were snoring, others hiccuping, others cascading. Bingo had ceased to be, except when some sleeper, feeling some painful sensation from his attitude, etc., would exclaim, 'OH!' which would wake up his immediate neighbor, who, the ruling passion strong in death, would exclaim, 'And Bingo was ——,' and then relapse into such silence as a drunken man usually falls into.

YEARS have passed away since that awful night. Joys have blessed me; afflictions pained me; but all the vicissitudes of life have failed to drive out of my memory that terrible game and tune of Bingo. It haunts me like a dun in the day, like a ghost in the night. If I hear

any one say, 'Oh!' the sequel immediately occurs to me: 'And Bingo was his name, O!' I am not much of an anatomist, but I am satisfied that when a post-mortem examination is had upon me, the whole matter of Bingo will be found incorporated with my pia-mater, or dura-mater, or some other portion of my brain. I can't tell the process or the manner by which and in which it has become a part and parcel thereof; but this much I know, that if my operator is a skilful surgeon he will find there developed in characters that *he* can read, the distinct statement, that there was a farmer who had a dog whose peculiar habit and custom was to sit upon the barn-door, and that he answered to the classical and melodious name of 'Bingo.'

In a very heavy equity cause which was tried some years ago in our circuit, one of the jurors, who had been inundated with cases from 'Vesey Junior,' expressed a wish 'that Vesey Junior had died *before* he (Vesey, Jr.) had been born.' I have something of the same feeling toward 'Bingo.' Have not you also, reader?

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

‘WHAT a beautiful boy!’ exclaimed Mr. Waller, who had accompanied me in the old vehicle; and as he said this, he involuntarily seized the reins, and we halted abruptly, (Codger always halts abruptly on the slightest hint,) under the projecting shadows of an ancient elm. Mr. Waller had scarcely left his apartments for a month, and experiencing that pleasing languor which accompanies returning health, was in a frame of mind to be delighted with the beauty of external objects, and with every influence of the glorious day, with its sun-light and its music. When the invalid lifts up his head from the couch of dangerous illness, how delicious are the first revisitings of health! The grave with its thick darkness is receding from him, and the dark valley of the shadow of death. The heart which was almost cold throbs again with its mysterious and mighty pulses; the ear is awake to earth’s intricate harmonies; the eye opens as from a deep sleep, and the illumined earth breaks in upon it—a gay and moving panorama. What a luxury is there in the west breeze, as it comes wooing the pale cheek! How intoxicating the perfume of flowers! What rapture in the voice of the birds! But sweeter than all tune are the accents of kindness to the affectionate heart. It is worth lying on a sick couch, with its fever and delirium, its days of anguish and nights of weariness; it is worth encountering pain and despondency, and the dismal phantoms which hover around the grave, to wake up from this into a new being, a new world of light and beauty, where all things greet you with a welcoming smile, and you hear but the voice of gladness. *It is only not Heaven.*

The ride had been long and pleasant. We had been sauntering over hill and dale; at one time stopping to pluck a flower, at another to admire the ‘garniture of fields.’ Then we came upon a romantic spot

where the rocks and stones were thrown together in a wild chaos, and we were caught in the pleasing intricacies of a dell or ravine in the woods, where like lost children we could have rambled until the setting sun, without a wish to be extricated. There was a charming coolness and solitude about the circuitous path, which was thickly overshadowed and grotto-like. The water came tumbling down a precipitous place, where an old tenement was perched amid the rocks and woods, and a ghostly miller looked silently down from his eyrie on the little water-wheel and the dark pool below. Here were many pine-trees, which they say sound musically when the wind sweeps through them, some shooting upward to an enormous height like vast excrescences of barrenness, others upturned by the blast with their roots high in air, thrown across the chasm in contrast with yon ærial bridge of the spider's web, across which the stray sun-beams glide on their passage. Here were to be found at once the germ and the maturity of greatness; the acorn toyed with by the dainty squirrel, the tender sapling and the giant oak; while prostrate on the ground lay the vast trunk, the relic of a former age, given up to decay, its inmost heart consumed, but mummy-like preserving the outward form and semblance of itself. Lichen and green mosses grew over it, and flowerets which once bloomed like pigmies at its roots, while vines and parasitic plants, whose ambition was to clamber up and be hid among its leaves, revelled around it in gay luxuriance, and blossomed and smiled over its melancholy remains.

How different is the city's solitude from that of groves, and how desolate are you when you ramble a stranger in the crowded mart! And of the thousands who pass by you in eager haste, none know you, care for you, or possess hearts which beat responsive with your own! But the fields, the woods, the rocks, the streams are your companions, and you go nowhere that you do not meet with friends. Not a leaf falls, not a rain-drop sparkles in the sun, not a blade of grass waves in the breeze, not a ripple stirs the lake, not a floweret blooms at your feet, not a bird sings on the spray, that each does not contribute to the pervading sympathy which animates all nature, and with eloquent implorings beseeches you to look up to the Maker of all things — God.

Some fondly talk of the sweet security of streets; and it might form a study which the heart of a cynic would delight in, to gaze at the unsocial company of those who throng in thoroughfares, to read the full outlines of history and character depicted in the flash of many faces, as the suddenness of the intense lightning instantly reveals on the dark night the landscape in its minutest details; the trees, the rocks, the river, the bridge. The multitudes of those who go forth on the genial morning on their own errands of gayety or sorrow; the joyous bridegroom stepping forth to support his young bride to the chariot, and hastening to the Gothic aisle, there in its solemn light to pronounce the vow upon earth recorded in heaven; the old man borne away to his dusty sepulchre, whose cold, dead heart, reckoning back through many a prosperous day, once fluttered as wildly on *his* bridal morning; the pilgrim with white locks trembling solitary among the erect men of another age, his dim eye and narrow vision yet mistaking the distance of his goal, and who is crowding gigantic schemes into life's little

interval, as he walks on the pathway where the tombs of his contemporaries throw their long shadows athwart his feet; the youth girding himself for the long race, and enchanted with the oak-leaf crown of victory; the strong man hastening on with resolute energy and concentrating the powers of his soul to gain the gold which perisheth; the rich rolling in gilded carriages, and envying the peace which wealth cannot procure; the poor creature of shame or poverty wistfully gazing with cold, wan eye; the beggar with outstretched hand silently supplicating for alms; the child of gay heart and few summers, whose firmament is undimmed with clouds, and whose earth is undefiled with graves; the maiden for whose blush the emulating palette has no colors, the life blood gushing up from a pure heart, the heavenly Madonna face upturned from earth to gaze upon the blue sky; the countenance where all the passions have driven in their chariots, and left their marks in wrinklins, contortions and frowns; the unbound criminal who longs for the clanking chains, and whose heart burns to confide the murderer's secret to the world; the unhappy wretch rushing to the river's brink, to be arrested in the fatal plunge by a voice, a word, some heavenly interposition which bids him still to hope; these and a thousand others pass you by, and leave you melancholy and alone. And still the crowd sweeps onward, and the hum goes up. The city's hum is but the turmoil of earth; the fields resound with the music of heaven. Every aspiration meets with its response, every voice its echo, every confiding breast with sympathy; and you cannot choose but join in the *Te Deum* which swells the grateful heart, when the simplest flower in the valley looks upward in the bright sunlight toward heaven.

Oh! there is in the great and wide fields a philosophy never dreamed of in the deepest speculations; a learning not found in the most erudite books; a poetry which surpasses the artifice of numbers; a music which excels the transports of the lyre; an eloquence which defies the wealth of words; an harmonious beauty which leads you into a sweet captivity, and fills up the soul to its utmost capacity with a pure delight. Here is a revelation which tells as clearly as the written word of the benign God, which is acknowledged in all objects in nature; in the sun at noon-tide, in the profound darkness or stars of night. No speech, no language; their voice is not heard; but their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

Thus musing, (and a Country Doctor is sure to muse and moralize in his long solitary rambles,) we emerged from that romantic dell, and breaking the charm of silence, struck upon a new path-way. We saw the waters of the Sound on the left gleaming in the sun, and the beautiful model of a steam-boat, with gay streamers flying, gliding on her course as if animated by a soul to guide her motions, and with a swift ease which can be compared only to the gracefulness of the living form. Ah! how different the sunny prospect, and the gently rippling waves, and the serene heavens, from that moonless wintry night when from yonder promontory I looked afar over the scene, and saw an ill-fated vessel wrapt in fire and the flames shooting luridly toward the sky, and took refuge from the bitter cold and from the dreadful scene in that cottage on the hill! There all was cheerfulness and peace.

The winds cried piteously about its eaves, but cheerily the fire blazed upon the hearth, while the widow read from the Ancient Book, lifting up an involuntary prayer for a son who was dear to her; and blessed ignorance! she did not know that he was suffocating at that moment in the wintry waves. But *I* knew how sad a spectacle was enacting there, and gazed silently at the embers on the hearth. The morrow came and brought no healing on its wings; but when the winter's ices had all vanished, and the spring-time arrived again, and the last relic which appertained to him who was lost was yielded up to these shores, the BOOK OF LIFE which had been given him to be his companion was found imperishable, and, emblem of happy significance! the victim's name was discovered upon its opening page, clearly written therein.

'I knew one,' said Mr. Waller, 'who witnessed that conflagration, and perished in it. Wild, joyous, of bright talents and an intense ambition, he bounded at once upon his career with a courage which no obstacles could oppose. For him there were fascinations which the world proffers not to all. He pictured the future in the brightest hues; its objects were of the true *colour de rose*. See, here are the last words which he wrote to me before he met his fate: 'Pardon me, my friend; I may speak too confidently; my heart is full of emotions, and the race is not to the swift. I have to work out my own destiny, and I set about it with no craven heart. Fear me not. I know what my friends, my country, the world expects of me. I shall not sit down in sloth or idleness; I shall not prove recreant to the trusts committed to my charge. I know what it is in me to effect; I know what I *will* do, so help me God! Pride, honor, manfulness, self-respect, all urge me on, to enter the great contest; to fight the battle, to win the crown. To-morrow — it is no matter; you shall hear from me yet again. Farewell!'

'And there was a player,' said I, 'among the number of those who perished. On the night before he died he was the favorite of a gay theatre; applauded to the echo; his very shadow the signal for a tumult of approbation and delight: and when the play was over, and he stepped forward in his player's garments almost into the midst of the eager, approving crowd, to receive the laurels he had earned, he made a well-timed speech: 'My friends,' said he, 'I am grateful. It is rumored that I shall not return here any more. I hope this may not be prophetic. Nothing can be farther from my intentions. I hope to see you soon again.' And so saying, he passed before the curtain, and never appeared again on any stage. And I knew a youth who perished in the same disaster; sanguine, gay-hearted, who had scarcely yet dreamed of death. Do you see yon country-seat with Greek portico and observatory? Only three nights before he died I saw him dancing in the lighted rooms. It was a festal occasion, a birth-day night. There were many happy children and bright faces. He admired and basked in the light of *one*. And this is the way of the world. There be those who say 'How beautiful!' to the roses of a banquet, who shall never live to lament them dead. For them the cypress is prepared, and all the melancholy flowers which we strew upon the grave. Ah! how infinitely removed, and yet at how short a remove, is life from death, and how nearly do the waters of bitterness spring up from the very

fountains of joy!* It is well that the dark future is hidden from us, and that we may be happy in the bright present. But could we look around upon the glad company, and know that the innocence which is so pure, and the wit so bright, and the laughter so hilarious, must on the morrow die, we should never know happiness any more. There are friendships so pure and loves so sweet that we despair at the death which threatens them, and perish in the graves where they are buried with our hopes.'

From such casual remarks we gradually slid into other topics, and coming on a great battle-ground, spoke of the men of the Revolution, and the scenes in which so much costly blood was spilled, and regretted the necessity of arms, and desired the happy age when they should yield to the toga of peace. Then we discoursed of the progress of the arts, and the charms of literature, whose peaceful triumphs are better than the tyrant's blood-bought crowns.

We were now arrived at a pleasing seclusion, and as already mentioned, beguiled to pause awhile under the covert of an old tree. A cottage in the French style stood not far from the road, and a child of four years was playing before the door on the green-sward. He was attended by a faithful domestic, and ever and anon ran to throw himself with a passionate joy into the arms of an old man who sat near, and whose hairs were as white as snow; speaking all the while in the French tongue, whose idiomatic graces lose nothing when falling from infantile lips. He was of a soft and tender beauty, as if fallen from the skies. How his mild eyes beamed with light, attempered by long lashes! — and his cheeks somewhat pale, and pure brow, and auburn hair falling over his shoulders, fitted him for caresses. What a spectacle is a child! Happy, passionless, innocent, uncontaminated, belonging at the same time to earth and heaven; sporting gaily in the golden age of his young years. He is born into a garden of Eden, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing, and there is yet no TEMPTER. Turmoils and anxieties there are none, and the terrible phantom of death cannot dispel the smiles which flit over the face of him sleeping. If there be clouds, they soon let the sunshine through them, and so his tears are but the forerunners of smiles and laughter; and if he has any grief it soon vanisheth away:

τίνα γὰρ φροντίς οὐκ ἀλλεῖν φιλεῖ. — EURIP.

What man of ordinary guiltiness can look upon an innocent child, thus playing among flowers, without a thought of what he once was, and without shedding tears of vain regret for what he may never be again? Mr. Waller was thus affected. 'Do you know the history of the old Frenchman?' said he.

'I should be glad to hear it,' replied I.

'It is short, and without plot to recommend it.'

'Perhaps I shall like it the better on that account.'

'It is well,' said he, throwing himself back in the old vehicle, and

* MEDIO de fonte loporū surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat. — LUC.

then in his sentimental way, making much out of little, told me these few facts as nearly as I remember them :

That little building with wings and conservatories and gardens so artfully disposed, once had its counterpart in a stately château and grounds on the banks of the Seine. There is not a nook or turret or casement of the latter which is not represented in yonder miniature mansion ; and so all the walks, flower-beds and pretty embellishments are but copies of a true original. Thus it is that the exile dying to his country, remembers the beloved Argos where he was born.

During the reign of faction and terror in France, when the elements of society appeared to be stirred up from the very dregs, and the state had become ripe for a revolution which brought the poor monarch Louis *Seize* to the block, among the many brave, noble, gallant, thrown from day to day into gloomy prisons to await their doom, or like the prisoner of the Bastille to become squalid and forgotten in the revolutions of the state, was that venerable man who has just clasped yon beautiful child in his arms. You saw how aged he looked, and how comely were his gray hairs mixed up with the beautiful tresses of the child.

At that time he was in the vigor of age, and full of manly beauty. Birth and talents fitted him for a prominent place, and he had already fallen under the eye of Robespierre, and his name graced the lists of proscription which like those of Sylla were doomed to fill the city with cries and mourning. But he had hitherto remained firm at his post. He was willing to die with, to die for, but not to forsake or survive his country.

One day he sat solitary in his prison. It was the approach of evening, when the last rays of light were struggling through the bars, and the sounds of the city became dull. Imaginations come up thick, fast, almost oppressively at such a time, even to the happy ; how much more so to the prisoner of hope ! He had dropped the book which he had been reading (it was a volume of Montesquieu) from his hand, and became lost in reverie. He remembered the past, and among its happy scenes sought refuge and consolation. The future he had been wont to picture, that boundless prospect, so full of enchanting sights, but now how circumscribed ! Then he steeled his soul to the worst of terrors, and was prepared to welcome death. At that moment he listened attentively, and caught the fall of footsteps without in the paved corridor. It might be the approach of the turnkey bringing the death-summons for the morrow. The heavy bolt shot with a noise which caused him to start nervously, the door moved slowly on its hinges, and in an instant he beheld—not the gaoler's gaunt form, but dimly revealed by the declining day, a woman's majestic figure. 'Marianne !' exclaimed the father, stretching out his fond arms ; 'can it be ? How unexpected this meeting ! How have you gained access here ? Bless thee, my child, this is not the time or place for thee ! Retreat immediately. Tarry not here. Make haste ! Let me bid you farewell—for ever !'

'Not so, my father. I came hither without attendant ; I cannot go forth without you. Ask me not who effected this entrance. I did it—gold did it. I have seen the gaoler. He was the old porter at

Neuilly. A great sacrifice is preparing. Bertrand, Montreville, Vileneuve, a score of others, you too, are destined for the morrow. The way is prepared; there is no obstacle. Fly, Sire; emigrate to another land.'

It was very dark within the walls of the prison, but not too dark to veil the moral beauty of the scene. Love, danger, filial piety, parental fondness, all powerfully appealed. The royalist embraced his child, and they passed silently down the gloomy stair-case, got beyond the sentinels, ascended the carriage, crossed the Pont-Neuf, and in two hours reached the old château. It was a beautiful summer night. There was confusion and bustle in the castle for many hours. Caskets and jewels were collected hastily, and whatever precious things could be removed with ease. A sad and solemn preparation was preparing for the morrow. Fields and groves and hereditary trees, which we love as dearly as dearest relatives or truest friends, were to be relinquished, it might be for ever. And there was a sadder farewell. Marianne walked in the garden — not alone. She was accompanied by one, young, ardent, of whom all the world spake well, and whom she *loved*; and he implored her with a tender eloquence, in vain. Two affections struggled in the same heart, whereof the noblest was victorious. It was the noblest because less tinctured with self. So she withdrew from him her hand, and dismissed him from her presence, to cherish him in her heart of hearts for ever. VARENNES disappeared among the trees, and she never saw him again.

When the gray light of the morning dawned they were awakened by the sounding of a huntsman's horn, which was the signal to be ready. Marianne hastened to the library. Her father had just impressed his seal on the last package. He seized her hand and gazed wistfully in her face, which was bright and cheerful.

'Varennès!' murmured he, inquiringly.

'Say nothing, I entreat you. I have bidden him farewell.'

'Nay, you must not, shall not accompany me; you shall remain, protected by our friends. I will go alone upon this voyage. In more tranquil times we shall meet again on this spot, and be happy.'

But neither commands nor entreaties can prevail against a woman's strong resolution. They entered the cabriolet amid the tears of the menials, and in an instant more were upon the road. When they had arrived at a spot whence it was possible to catch a last glimpse of the château through the trees, Marianne commanded the carriage to halt a moment, that she might take a final look, satisfied with which, she gave directions to proceed upon the journey, and leaning upon her parent's breast shed a torrent of tears.

The white sails of the brig were already flapping in the breeze, and they embarked on the voyage. Propitious gales wafted them on. When the shores of dear France were fading away from the sight, Marianne gazed eagerly toward the land, as she had taken a last look at the château. She felt a presentiment that she should never visit it any more. Deep sadness and melancholy stole over her when she thought of those whom she had left behind; (among them Varennès was not forgotten;) and a host of emotions came up over the soul

almost to overwhelm it. This was but a momentary weakness and defection. A better courage animated her breast and inspired her with new resolutions, when she beheld the form of one approaching her whom she loved more than any in the world. It was her father.

To him she would devote her whole life; sharing in his prosperity, alleviating his adversity, watching him in sickness, and tenderly regarding him when growing old. And for this she looked for none other reward than the approval of her own heart, the smiles of Heaven. And Heaven always smiles upon such noble conduct. The admiration of the world never inspired it, and cannot bestow upon it its just deserts. The strong mind of the virtuous hath rich resources within itself, and can draw much from its own deep and pure affections. How much soever the visible sun is absent from the heavens, there is a light which shineth in the soul, and it shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

A few years glided by, and yonder château appeared among the trees. It had been selected as a refuge and a home; and it was happy and beautiful, but it owed every thing to HER hand. She touched nothing that it did not exhibit the attractive graces of a pure taste. Without her, not a plant sprang up in the gay paterre, or a single flower in all the wilderness of sweets. If she planted any thing, though it were a tender, fragile exotic, it acknowledged the hand which fostered it, and flourished. For trees and plants and dumb animals have sensitive natures, and are susceptible of kindness; and nothing died beneath her affectionate care. It was her idea to make the new place image forth the old. It was its pretty diminutive. Arbors and grottoes and sweet alcoves were reduced upon the scale, and all things copied with a tenacious memory. Rose-trees and eglantines bloomed in their own places, and wherever she had planted a vine, there grew one, only with richer clusters and of a warmer hue, at the ancient château. It was a garden without thorns; a seclusion which Shenstone might have admired; and having rendered the place what it was by her own taste, it became the abode of kindness and hospitality. Hers was a fixed character; a resolute energy, a religious devotion. She founded the little chapel with gilded cross on the hill. At the matin-hour and at vespers she was unfailing as the gray-haired priest. There was not a poor or decrepit person within miles who did not regard her as an angel of mercy. She was the almoner of a bounty which giving never seemed to impoverish, and which imparted to the slightest boon a more than intrinsic value. Gold given from the reluctant hand is but despised dross, though it may save from starving; but a cup of water from the merciful imparts a shock of pleasure to the frame

‘More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.’

Marianne had been once beautiful; she was still stately and majestic. Her father listened to her voice as to that of a charmer. She filled up his whole house. She was instead of home, friends, country, and made the days of his exile sweet. With such a companion there is no exile. The very desert becomes an oasis, refreshed, verdant, and

blooming as the rose. She was passionately devoted to music and the arts, and the mistress of a harp, sometimes mournful. She was the admired of all the exiles. When the old Frenchmen came to her father's house to partake of his welcome and hospitality, to ramble with dog and gun in his woodlands, to talk of the old dynasty, to drink his wine of the ancient vintage, and forget their griefs, she presided at his table in such a manner as to leave nothing desired by the guests. Think not that all this is but a kind of the beautiful ideal without reality or truth. Are there not many who have beheld such excellence, and yet can testify how rare it is on earth? The path of such is as the beautiful path of the just. They scatter joy and gladness around them; relieving the dry places which were else fruitless; making the earth pleasant, and imaging in their faces the benign happiness of the better clime to which they shall be transplanted. Even so the waves of a fair river which lave the fairer shore, adding luxury to the verdure and beauty to the scene, shall one day be absorbed into the summer sky, and form a part of that heaven which they so gloriously reflect.

It was a mild day at the end of the uncertain, stormy month of March. The violets which struggle first upward from the snow in our severe clime shed a faint perfume beneath the windows, and the blue-bird heralding the new spring sang on the leafless tree. Untrue prophets! The winter was not yet past. It was usually a busy season of the year at the château, when the lady of the mansion was wont to order the gardener to clear away the old leaves, and prune the vines, and prepare for the happy summer. At present she lay ill (none suspected how ill) in her chamber. But the poor, the aged, the many pensioners of her bounty were continually coming to inquire after her health, and went away with anxious faces. Toward evening a deeper gloom rested over the house. The old man bending down with his white locks was weeping hopelessly over his daughter's couch. The menial looking out beheld a carriage before the door, and the name of VARENNES was on his lips. 'Faithful Jerome!' exclaimed the latter, springing into the hall, and almost embracing him: 'How fares the Marquis and his lovely daughter?'

But the ancient domestic, being almost choked with tears, could only articulate to his eager inquiries, and with a faltering voice, 'MARIANNE IS DEAD!'

CHAPTER NINE.

'AND what of the boy?' said I, when Mr. Waller had got through with the little French story.

'He is the old man's grand-child, whose mother died in France. He inherits her beauty, and is therefore the more loved. You observe yon white shaft in the garden. When it shall be inscribed with another name, and there are two graves in the small enclosure, Jerome will be intrusted to carry him back to France. That time cannot be far distant, for his grand-sire's head is whitened with the snows of many winters, and the companions of his exile are all dead. Then I foresee

that this pleasant place will lapse into melancholy ruin, or it will be invaded by others who will innovate on beauties which they have not planned and enjoy the fruits which they have not planted. Gee-up Codger! — the sun is getting warm.'

PERHAPS it was a month after this, perhaps less, that the Country Doctor was securely smoking a long pipe in his sanctum, involved in smoke, and thinking about nothing in particular, when he was hastily sent for. It may be remarked that disturbances of this kind were sure to come either when he was smoking a pipe or eating his dinner, or falling into a pleasant sleep. Hence it is that country doctors always have more philosophy and of a better kind than any other class of men. They rely less upon certainties, and are regulated by a rigid penance and self-denial. If they sit down for very weariness, it may be only to rise up again at the bidding of any one; they know how to dispense with a substantial meal whose provocative incense makes the deprivation most trying; and they emerge from the oriental splendor of dreams to visit the abodes of squalid poverty; and in return for this they receive the unkind rebukes of the ignorant and ungrateful. After all, where can those whose business is with the world look for their reward but in the conscious rectitude of the heart within, and in the right pulsations of that little monitor?

'But who is it that wants me now? Is it Cuff, or Bill, or Burks, or the blind ostler, or who?'

'Doctor, go to the French gentleman's; the little boy is ill.'

'Oh! — indeed; I am grieved to hear it; but not very ill, I hope?'

The old domestic's eyes filled with tears. He bowed, said nothing, turned upon his heel, and went out.

'I will follow his steps,' said I, 'immediately,' rising up, and letting my pipe fall in the hurry to be gone. Where are my hat and whip and gloves? All things are sure to be mislaid when one most wants them. Who has taken my spectacles off the shelf?'

'They're on your head, you foolish man!'

'I thank you, Madam. I am in haste. Do not expect me home to dinner.' So saying, I went out, and taking the reins from the hand of Flummery, drove away. 'I feel an unwonted interest in this boy,' said I; 'perhaps the reason is, that I was so much impressed with his beauty on first seeing him. Probably he is but slightly ailing, and I shall arrive to find him engaged in his usual sports. If the slightest accident happens to such idols, how is a whole household thrown into alarm!'

'Indulging in such reflections, I arrived at last before the door. Passing through the library, (it was well furnished with books,) I ascended into an upper chamber, where I saw the old French exile supporting in his arms and watching with a tender solicitude the same beautiful boy whom I had before seen playing on the green. What a contrast! — the veteran oak of four-score stormy winters, the blooming plant of a few peaceful summers; and which was destined first to droop and die? I looked at the boy's flushed cheeks and felt his quick fluttering pulse, as he reclined on the old man's breast. He was languidly

turning over a *porte-feuille* of water-colored paintings, exquisitely tinted, (the artist's hand was cold!) and these he at last put from him, too ill to regard them any more. A painful expression came over his countenance, as he turned his head away and would not be entertained.

'Ah! how ill he is!' said the old French gentleman; 'Jami never refused to be delighted with pictures before. The fever must abate soon. He *has* a fever, has he not, Doctor?'

'Yes, said I, 'it is *scarlatina*.'

Terrible disease! There are those who hear the name with as much equanimity as the mention of a deadly pestilence or plague. How many houses that used to be gladdened by the voices and merriment and carnival pleasures of children are rendered desolate by it! And when the Christmas and New Year come again, which would also bring them, a joyful company, around the sacred hearth, their places are all empty, and the broken-hearted sit there in silence and tears, while the Patron Saint once so ardently expected turns away his ærial chariot, and goes to deposit his gifts in the midst of happier homes! I know many families in town and country to whom this malignant disease has not spared one out of the group of children who were the delight of fond parents, and the hopes of their house. In its character and developement it is such as too frequently to disappoint the predictions of medical skill; ever running into new stages, at one moment giving hopes of recovery, at the next putting on malignant symptoms, and at last, when least expected, resulting in death.

'Is the child in any danger?' said the old man, relinquishing him into the arms of the attendant; 'he has not complained much until to-day.'

'He has scarlet-fever, and in its milder form there is little to apprehend.'

'Thank God for that! Watch him closely, Doctor. He is a very dear boy. He prevents my gray hairs from going down in sorrow to the grave.'

'Jerome!' exclaimed the boy, rousing up a little from his listlessness, and speaking in the French tongue; 'good Jerome, give me the musical box.'

'Ha!' said the old man, smiling for pleasure, 'better! better! The fever will soon abate; his cheeks are already less flushed.' So they wound up the box, and placed it in his hands, and it played the *Ranz des Vaches*.

'Pretty tune!' exclaimed Jerome, looking into his face; 'we will make it play again.' But a change came over him, and he put it away peevishly, and was querulous for something else.

'I think,' said I, 'he had better be put into bed.'

'Certainly. Wheel out the crib;' and in a moment the nurse brought out from the next apartment a notable piece of furniture, of dark mahogany, and of rare workmanship.

'It is an ancient relic, Doctor, an heir-loom in the family. I slept in it when a child, and some brave generals and renowned men of France have slumbered there, I assure you. Jerome, put the boy in it; he will rest better.'

I could not help scrutinizing the venerable crib, and such a singular train of associations stole upon me, connected with the fortunes of those who had once occupied it, and in reflecting how much more peaceful were their infantile slumbers than the feverish dreams of their after life, that it would be foolish to put down my thoughts; and when I awoke from the reverie, it was time to administer the medicines and come away.

I HAVE said that there was little to apprehend from the milder and more benign form of the disease. But it came in its most malignant shape; and I find in my diary, after the lapse of a few days, the short record of the child's death.

I recollect it quite well. Perhaps there were some incidents which impressed it more deeply on my mind. How cutting is it to witness the pangs and agonies of a dying child, when he looks around so supplicatingly on those who have been accustomed to gratify his slightest will, but looks in vain for succor; and when at last conscious of the approach of death he gathers up his little resources and takes a touching farewell of the world! It melts the stoutest soul to pity, and calls up tears difficult to be staunched. It is a triumph which is sublime in the brave man.

It was toward the close of a beautiful day in autumn, and the reapers were mowing down the hay on the lawn. Within, the Reaper of Death was putting in his sickle. So thought I, as I looked first out of the window and then upon the countenance of the beautiful child. It wore an expression of intense pain, but how patient, how innocent, how infantile! Who would not become a vicarious sufferer in these cases, if it were possible for such pangs to be transferred! There were many toys scattered about the room which were soon to be gathered together and locked up in some little depository. Alas! who would be left in that house to discover such a magazine in after years, and to bedew each fond memento! For such incidents *do* happen in families; and they call forth many a secret gush of old sorrow, and that hopeless pining for the dead for which we have no word, but which the Latins denominate *desiderium*. The books with pictures which used to afford so much delight, all thumbed and dog-eared and tattered; the box of games, the Christmas presents, the sword, the gun, the trumpet, the drum, the gay plume—look at the cheeks of the mother, and say whether the tear is less sacred because it rolls in silence!

There was a toy-horse upon the bed. The child threw out his wasted arm, drew it toward him a few inches with a wistful look, and then let go the string. But he drew his grandfather down to him, throwing his arms about his neck, and seeing a tear which had filled up the wrinkle on his face, (it was the last from a once full fountain!) he wiped it away, kissed him with parched lips, and articulated with French accent, 'ADIEU!'

'It is too much!' said the old man, pressing his hands upon his heart and sinking into a chair. Then he rose up and went out of the room.

'Jerome,' murmured the child, looking wildly.

'Hasten, hasten, Jerome! — he is calling you.'

But when the faithful domestic came up, the child was speechless ; and in a few moments after he was dead.

Ah ! how beautiful is that sleep which is without dreams by night, and from which there is no waking in the morning ! I stood over him, and as the golden light streamed through the casement and lay upon his auburn locks and on his pure brow, I thought within myself, ' How dainty a potentate is Death ; and seeing that his realms are only darkness and his food the worm, what need has he to quench the light of the young, or to deck his kingdom with the beautiful ? When there are such multitudes who would willingly throw themselves into his arms, and hail him as a boon friend, why does he exact the company of those who shrink from him as the KING of TERRORS ? Why does he despise the decrepit, the aged, and the unhappy, and take with him the beautiful child, the young virgin, and the youth of promise ? To these, the air which they breathe is luxury, and they pine not yet for the peaceful rest of the tomb. These are not questions for the heart to suggest, for the lips to express, or for man to answer. But this we know, that neither animated rooms nor gay assemblies, nor the living world itself, contain so much of what was once wit and beauty, and passion and glory, as thy still, cold sanctuary, oh Grave !

Such reflections stole upon me ; and going home and sitting down in the undisturbed solitude of my chamber, I composed these few lines :

T O A D E A D C H I L D .

Oh ! brightest dream and fairest form
My vision ever knew !
Thou art melted from my sight away
As heaven absorbs the dew.

Closed are those lips that cannot speak,
And the dull eye is dead ;
The rose is banished from thy cheek,
The dimpling smile is fled.

Thy little feet no more on earth
Shall ramble midst its sweets,
But kiss the flowers of heavenly birth,
Or tread the golden streets.

Oh ! in yon high ethereal isles
By ancient patriarchs trod,
Thy brow is radiant with the smiles
And sunshine of its God.

For thee, so destitute of sin,
So passionless, my boy !
The task was light to enter in,
And claim the promised joy.

Oh ! for the spirit of a child,
A mould of purer clay,
To burst its bands with rapture wild,
And rise to endless day !

Original.
THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news."
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WE are candidates for heaven. Time, fleeting as it is, affords us the only opportunity to secure its delights. What weighty issues depend on so brief a period!

The point which separates the old year from the new invites serious and religious meditation. We are near that point. Let us devote it to *recollection*, to *consideration*, to *solemn vows*, and to *religious reformation*, or the *commencement of a new and heavenly life*.

Let us devote it to *recollection*. The origin and decline of all things are associated in the mind with their end. When the hero perishes, memory gathers up his valorous achievements, and transfers them to the records of history, to be reported to the world. When friends die, we wait on their funerals, see them laid in the grave, and then sit down to talk about their virtues and their failings, and to recollect the good or evil they may have suffered at our hands.

The year is dying. "In winding sheet of snow," it is sinking to the grave. While the winds wail its dirge, let us review its history. It has enacted the part of a mighty sovereign. Its dominion was universal. Its reign extended over islands, seas, and continents. It stretched its scepter to the heavens, touched every star, bound it in its sphere, and impelled the planets in their everlasting round. Yet amidst all we were not unnoticed. For us the year has teemed with blessings. To reckon them up in order were impossible; for they fell upon us like refreshing showers, and flowed in ceaseless streams. They were more in number than the moments which conveyed them—were precious as life, and rich as immortality. We were, throughout the year, the cherished subjects of God's beneficent providence. What else bore to us breath, and food, and raiment! What else preserved to us home, and friends, and safe abode, with all the unutterable pleasures of our social and domestic states? We have lived under a gracious reign, which has deferred our punishment, prolonged our abused probation, and repeated to us those calls of mercy which we had impiously spurned. The very evils we endured were blessings in disguise, had we used them according to their most charitable aim. Let these truths be inscribed upon our hearts.

To recollection let us add *consideration*. Let us consider that the blessings of the last year were *the gift of God*. They did not "come by chance." What is chance? Can you define it? Who knows any thing concerning it? It can be described by no attributes or properties. It is the mere imagining of a disordered or corrupt mind, and was profanely conceived, and blasphemously brought forth.

Our blessings were not the mere product of our own skill and diligence. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps"—it is not in him that sows the seed to produce the fruitful harvest. The powers of nature are under God's control, and he alone can charge them with a fructifying influence. Sometimes he commissions the very soil to devour and not to cherish the seed of the husbandman. Then in the place of plenty come want and wasting famine.

The blessings of the year were not the product of the *settled, uniform economy of nature*. Nature is the cup from which we drink the sweets of life; but that cup is in God's hand, and is replenished from his fullness. O, that this were engraven on our hearts! The sun shines—the rain falls—the dew distills—the earth pours forth her treasures. But why? Because the hand of God is upon the sun—upon the clouds—upon the smiling fields—because his wisdom points the course of each ray of light, of every drop of rain, of each particle of dew. His finger touches every blade of grass, every flower, every fruitful branch, and twig, and bud, that they may bear delicious fruit. I mean by these figures that God's power not only originally formed but still impresses every element of nature, infusing it with virtue to sustain, and cheer, and comfort us. Thus the blessings of the last year were not the product of *chance*, or of our *diligence*, or of any *settled economy of nature*, but were the *gift of God*.

Let us consider again that inasmuch as our blessings came from God, they were his, and he therefore *will reckon with us, and demand his property at our hands*. He will require an equivalent for his gifts. True, he will deal with us on Gospel principles. He will take as an equivalent, through Jesus Christ, the sincere homage of renovated hearts; but this he will rigidly exact, and if we refuse it he will visit us with vengeance. He allows none to consume his bounty without answering therefor. We cannot escape his indignation, if we squander his gifts, and refuse to yield him in return the offering of "a broken and contrite heart, which he will not despise."

Consider, again, how we have abused his gifts, and how the abuse involves us. What single blessing, among millions, have we devoted with exact fidelity to the service of its donor? In what instance has our gratitude been as ardent as was meet? Are we not this day liable to as many impeachments as we have received gifts? Might not the Omniscient searcher of hearts specify against us an offense for every blessing? Doubtless, each boon is a distinct ground of censure—of severe reprobation by the authority of Heaven. For though it was not forbidden fruit, yet some forbidden emotion attended either its reception or its use. Alas for us! Our natures and Satan's artifices have concurred in wresting God's property from its intended, holy uses. In our hands it was pressed into the service of sin.

Then we may well consider again, *how we shall be redeemed from the woes and curses provoked by these perversions*. Begirt with guilt and danger, let us in-

quire for the way of escape. Let us not be stupid as the brute led to the slaughter. But recking past misdeeds, and present hazards, and coming woes, let us consider how our souls may be redeemed, how delivered from deserved and pending ruin. Inconsideration is a fatal curse. It is induced by infernal charms, and is symptomatic of infernal perdition.

To consideration let us add solemn vows to the Almighty. Let us pledge our all in the most impressive manner to the services of religion. Our powers of thought, sentiment, and action—our whole being should be embraced in this pledge. We owe all to God, and from him let us dare to withhold nothing. To do it is foul robbery; and “will a man rob God!” Would we serve God, we must first *resolve* to serve him. Till we reach this point there is no hope. Vows to serve him are proper and right, and none can serve him without vows. Against these we hear objections, but they all flow from ignorance or wickedness. Men do not refuse to form covenants and reciprocate pledges with one another. We are not afraid of bonds, and signatures, and seals, when our earthly interests are to be secured. In evasion of these solemnities we do not plead the apprehension that we may fail to execute our covenants. But when God is to be a party, and our eternal interests are involved, we must needs pause—must deliberate and weigh the matter. But our refusal to pledge obedience to God amounts to an avowal of fealty to Satan. It is declining a covenant of peace with Jehovah in favor of an alliance with hell to war against him. We dare not pledge ourselves to repent and seek Jesus, lest we should find it more convenient to scorn and crucify him! And we flatter ourselves that our hesitation is a sort of pious deference to the interests of truth, while every feeling and thought of reluctance is from the father of lies. This hesitation is the quintessence of rebellion against God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. It is because the heart resolves to serve the devil, that it hesitates to be bound, by triple vows to serve God.

At the entrance of the new year break this fatal charm of the adversary. Rouse yourselves, and cast away the cords which bind you to perdition. Having served the prince of darkness hitherto, notify him that the term of service expires with the closing year—that you now assume new engagements—that you are bound henceforth to Jesus, and will be his for ever. Vows are strong. To a tender conscience they are well nigh invincible. They oppose a mighty barrier to the selfishness, deceitfulness, and wickedness of the heart. And they are urged upon us in the Bible. Indeed, there exists no example of true piety on the face of the earth without them. To pious resolutions they are like the seal to a written and well established covenant. “Vow, then, and pay unto the Lord thy vows.”

The commencement of the year is favorable to *religious reformation*—to the commencement of a new and heavenly life. We are fond of integers. The prospect of making out a *whole year* of religious duty and improvement has something in it particularly attractive.

A *year* of sin is just now finished. In the midst of it life was spared. How great the mercy! Now comes a new year, ushered in with many tokens of love and forbearance on the part of God. The very first sin you willfully commit, will blot a leaf of the opening year. Refrain. Mar not the page so spotless and so comely. Calling on Jehovah for his promised aid, commence the year in the purity of penitence, spend it in the purity of faith, and close it in the purity of love.

In a word, *reform*. By reformation your vows will take immediate effect. In this consists their virtue. The execution of our vows must run from the moment they are offered. A moment's pause is fatal. The frame in which they are sincerely offered is the only frame that can fulfill them. But one act of sin changes that frame. A single violation robs them of their restraining force. They are intended, like a ship's cables, to bind us to heaven. Sin breaks them, and then we drift.

I might go farther. The violation of a vow exasperates all unholy tempers. It is *per se* a great sin, and like murder hardens the heart, renders it desperate, and makes one more than ever the child of the devil.

Come, then, and with the *new year* commence a *new and heavenly life*. Resolutions to change our habits are generally indefinite as to time. We resolve on the change, but resolve at the same moment to delay it. Millions carry these *two* resolutions along with them through youth, manhood, and old age, to the last hour, and then die in despair. They resolved *generally* to be Christians, but resolved *specially* not to be Christians to-day, and thus lost their souls. It is easy to persuade a man that he *shall* be, but difficult to persuade one *to be* a Christian. The first is no approach towards the second. Indeed, Satan himself persuades to the former as the surest method to avoid the latter. Resolve, reader, *to be* a Christian. Let the season persuade you. It is difficult to fix the *time*. Let Him fix it who appoints the seasons. Plead with him who renovates the year and renews our abused and undeserved mercies, to renovate your heart and renew in it the features of his own blessed image, causing old things to pass away and all things to become new.

Those scenes of life which lie immediately before us, are, by Infinite wisdom, concealed from our view. As experience unfolds them, what disappointments, what sorrows, what agonies will they bear to many who look forward with high expectation to a long and prosperous life! Some, in no haste to seek the sustaining aids of religion, are just now entering on scenes of unexpected trial. Let none suppose the emergency remote in which Christian fortitude alone can bear up under accumulated sufferings. This very year will bear to many of us wasting disease, crushing disaster, the desolation of our homes, the struggles of death, and to some, if they repent not, the fearful and hopeless agonies of undone souls. Shall we delay a preparation for emergencies to which each moment exposes us, which may befall us to-day or to-morrow, of whose approach we can know nothing, and which will always seem remote until they rush upon us like an unexpected tempest?

As the custom is, we wish our readers "*a happy new-year!*" and permit us to subjoin a few suggestions. If you would be happy, first of all fix in your minds of what happiness does, and of what it does not consist. For this be carefully attentive to the testimony of God. He formed the human constitution, and is familiar with all its susceptibilities. He teaches us that happiness does not spring from the abundance which we possess. Observation confirms the testimony.

Revelation and human life concur in teaching us that *wealth* cannot confer happiness. The manners of the rich betray no sweet contentment. They are vexed with more cares than the poor around them. Anxiety oppresses them day and night, and they find it more perplexing to preserve than to acquire. From wealth we can derive no revenue of happiness.

The same may be said of *honor*. Survey the eminences occupied by the successfully ambitious, and you will perceive that the higher you ascend, the more severe are the storms—the more furious and hurtful are the blasts of raging passion.

Fashionable amusements are not productive of happiness. They afford brief pleasure, but not permanent delight. They are like the transient glare of a burning city, not like the settled sunshine of heaven. They are forsaken by thousands with expressions of disgust.

Finally, all the world cannot make us happy. Could one soul grasp the whole, it would turn from it all and crave a greater good. Was a man of the world ever yet satisfied? Look around you and see what examples you can muster. Go to history for an instance. Its records join with your private observation to justify that saying of the Bible, "There is no peace to the wicked." For an example of the insufficiency of the world look at Solomon. How rich were his endowments! None on earth was his equal in the gifts of nature, and in the circumstances of his life. The blessings of heaven fell upon him like the showers of autumn on the fields of Palestine. He drew around him the precious things of earth from its remote and neighboring climes. The elements were made to serve him, and all creation ministered to his pleasure. In his efforts to please his own taste and fancy he half restored paradise from its ruins, and he devoured its bidden and its forbidden fruit. It was a bold experiment. But he faithfully exhausted all his powers and hopes in the vain determination to build a heaven on earth. In the midst of all his efforts old age approaches, the powers of life fail, and amidst the shadows of that cheerless evening which succeeded the guilty day of life, he penitently recounts his sins and follies, describes his insane excursions through all the fields of guilty pleasure, and proclaims them to be vanity and vexation of spirit. Having experienced more of the pleasures of sin than any other mortal—having heaped up gold as dust, builded him palaces, made him gardens, transformed his whole empire into a voluptuous court, and ordained all time a *gala day* for his amusement, he turns at last from his amazing folly, and exclaims, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: *fear God and keep his*

commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Look upon this picture. As you gaze turn from the world and its "vanity of vanities," to the sweets of religion. Would you be happy? Religion is happiness. We commend it to your pursuit. Commit your soul to its keeping, and it shall never betray you. You have heard the verdict which Solomon pronounced upon the world. When did the aged disciple of Christ speak thus reproachfully of religion? What meek follower of the Lamb ever complained on the brink of the grave, that the Savior had disappointed him—that religion is vanity, and that wisdom would have dictated an impious career, or a life of forbidden delights? Not one. As well might angels in their purity and bliss complain that they are not coadjutors of Satan in despair.

We close, then, by repeating that religion is happiness. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. In her left hand are the joys of earth, in her right are the felicities of heaven. Be her follower, and she shall endow thee with all the precious things of these two worlds.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE VALLEY—THE HILLS.

A Tragic Tale.

BY J. D. BRIDGE.

[Concluded.]

And then for the milk-maids!—the young ladies of the hills! Pray what can be said of them? Verily, much every way. They possess most of the good traits in female character, and but few of the bad. But do they attend boarding and dancing-schools, and learn French, Spanish, Italian, and waltzing? Can they play on the piano, receive and dismiss company, and grace the parlor with their accomplishments and appropriate carriage, or trip through some public thoroughfare like the promenaders in Broadway or Washington street?—Or, what can they do? Why a variety of things which some “pretty girls” cannot do however great the necessity. They can get up in the morning with the sun, put on the tea-kettle, swing the polished pail on their arm, out and frisk in the dews with some domesticated pet, milk the cows, prepare the milk for butter and cheese, cook and serve up the breakfast, wash the dishes, sweep the kitchen, parlor, chambers, and all other places which need it; make their own beds, and others’ if necessary; and spin, weave, make farmer’s frocks, pants, jackets; knit and ‘darn’ stockings when required: vault into a saddle with the agility of a soldier, and bound over the rough roads with the swiftness of the an-

telope, and with notes pathetic and touching as the songsters of the wood hie away again at night to perform the milkmaid's duty; read, write, learn geography, arithmetic, philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, history, mental and moral science; sometimes Latin, French, music, painting, and to finish the catalogue of accomplishments for a young lady of the mountains, we add dancing too. They can 'show off' to excellent advantage in the sauce or flower garden; the wash-room, kitchen or parlor; and as for sweetness of temper and beauty of complexion, there's none can rival them. The symmetry of their bodies is perfect, and kept so by simplicity of manners and healthy exercise; the 'paint' upon their cheeks is real, Nature's own preparation, and the red, or raven, or chestnut-colored curls and ringlets which float upon their shoulders and bosoms, are realities too. They know nothing of your 'false curls' made to insult 'decaying nature,' and kept at ladies' 'furnishing stores' in New York and Boston. They have no occasion to resort to these artificial helps to 'fading beauty,' but pass them by in scorn, and most benevolently pity the town and city belles who lead such lady lives as to induce disease, loss of appetite, teeth, hair, rosy complexions, and finally sink away into premature old age—faded—neglected—forgotten! These calamities never come upon the 'sweet girls'—pardon me—the fine young ladies of the hills! They wear the tint and bloom of the rose through the whole round of the year. The flush on their beautiful cheeks is but the glow of the most perfect health. The fire in their bright, laughing eyes is kindled, fed, and sustained by a vigorous constitution. They never dip their lady hands in 'rose water,' or manufacture crimson for their full, blushing faces by drinking champagne or wine, but drink the crystal element which gushes in the glen or glade of their home, and lave in the limpid stream which comes dashing from the mountain. And then their sympathy, charity, kindness, virtue: in these respects they stand preëminent—lovely as the blushing morn! Yes, indeed,

it takes our honest-hearted, uncorrupted, intelligent, beautiful mountain girls to answer the beau ideal of female loveliness and excellence. None can see them but to admire; none can mingle in their society but to be happy; none can possess them as wife and mother but to rejoice in the acquisition of an invaluable treasure. In their worth, they are solid as the hills among which they live; in virtue, they are pure as the unclouded sky; in fidelity, constant as the revolutions of the globe; and in beauty, they are rich and radiant as the corruscations of the rising sun. In addition to all this, thousands of them are pious, and devote themselves unreservedly to all the labors and crosses of religion. Their time, talents, charms, influence, soul, and body's powers, are laid on the altar of the Redeemer, a willing sacrifice to Him who 'purchased' them with his life and 'blood.' Heaven bless them with long life, inflexible virtue, lasting beauty, good husbands, happy children, and a peaceful transit to the 'spirit land'!

'Variety is the spice of life' has come to be considered a true maxim, and lest we should violate the principle it inculcates we will start from the beautiful village of Greenfield, and again wend our way up into the mountains on the banks of Green river. We must thread our way four or five miles, among hills, broken rocks, avalanches, thick underbrush, loneliness and gloom, and then we shall emerge once more into daylight, and the vicinity of a 'grazing' district. Ours will be an 'up hill' course, and we shall scarcely be able to 'hear ourselves think,' such is the roar of the waters whirling and leaping over the rocky bed of the river. On our right, the highlands of Leyden lift themselves to the clouds; and on our left, the delectable hills of Colerain are quite as successful in finding their way to the skies; and on either side are some excellent farms, fine houses, barns, and out-buildings, whose hanging position seems actually perilous; at any rate, if any of the 'milk maids' chance to discover us from their windows, they can look down upon us with 'perpendicular contempt.'

If we pursue our path, by the margin of the river, a little farther, we shall discover, peering up in the distance, one of Nature's pyramids—on the summit of which stands a beautiful white cottage, surrounded with an excellent orchard and a variety of necessary buildings for the accommodation of the farmer's 'flocks and herds,' and commanding a delightful prospect of the adjoining hills and valleys. At the base of the mountain rush the excited waters of Green river, whose music is always heard in gentle murmurs, or wild and furious roaring, just according to the season of the year. In spring time, when the equinoctial storm has poured its contents of sleet and rain upon the mountains and into the valleys, and the solar influences begin to make sad and soft work with the drifted snows, it swells to uncommon dimensions, rages and foams, till maddened by its own efforts, it plunges on with resistless force, shouting destruction to whatever may come within its fearful influence. South of the cottage, there is a slope of the mountain, which terminates in a beautiful glen filled with forest trees—from which, in the dawn and twilight, the cottagers are serenaded by the mountain birds—the robin, the blue-bird, the thrush and the whippoorwill.—The scream of the henhawk may sometimes be heard in this 'lonely retreat,' and at noon or night the hooting owl from the same orchestra proclaims the fact of his shy existence to all who are not under the influence of Morpheus, the god of slumber. The prospect west and north is very fine. The eye rests on innumerable hills and little mountains fantastically arrayed, especially in May and June, in the rich and exuberant drapery of Nature. This location, though very much elevated, and, on that account, somewhat difficult of access, is very good. To those who love retirement, no place could be more inviting, particularly in Spring and Summer, and Autumn even. Those who lived in the neat, white cottage on the mountain did, doubtless, love their retired situation, and some of them love it still; but not as they used to, for other emotions mingle with the in-

stinctive attachment to the place of their birth, and the home of their childhood.

Mr B. was a robust son of the mountains, and received, in his boyhood, such a training as fitted him, in riper years, to hold a front rank among the cultivators of the 'upland farms;' and his was the plantation and cottage we have described. He had himself cut down the woods, and, by dint of hard labor, turned the wilderness into fruitful fields. He struggled with difficulties, bid defiance to poverty, practised the strictest economy, and finally amassed such an amount of wealth as lifted him above the fear of want, and invested him with the proud consciousness and airs of independence and superiority. He became a husband, and in due time the fond father of three lovely daughters, and a tender son, the image of himself. We shall call the son Philo, and the daughters, Udoxia, Ellen and Julia.

Mr B. was a matter-of-fact, utilitarian man, and, of course, had but little taste for that sort of manners and education which some parents deem indispensable to the accomplishment and respectability of their children—particularly *daughters*. He had no ambition that his Ellen or Julia should become an admired mistress of the pianoforte, the organ, or even an accordion; and as for Udoxia, she was too much her father's child to wish in the least to ape the *artificial* young ladies in aristocratic life, who, if they ever become *wives*, must marry *fortunes* as well as husbands, or else, through sheer mortification and inability to help themselves, shake hands with death prematurely. Mr B. wished to educate his children in those solid branches of ordinary science which would be of real use to them when grown to man and womanhood, and render them happy and useful members of society; and thus to qualify them for domestic and social life, he spared no pains. Mrs B. too, was the affectionate and faithful wife—the indulgent, the loving and loved mother, whose views perfectly coincided with those of her husband. If she could see her children grow up virtuous, intelligent, healthy and pious, she would

then enjoy the fruition of her desires and hopes.

Udopia grew up the healthy, happy girl, without much personal beauty ; but in lieu thereof, possessed a vigorous constitution and benevolent disposition : just the right sort of a woman to take a firm and cheerful hold of the 'heavy end' of life, and become a real 'help-meet' for an honest-hearted, industrious leveller of the forests and 'tiller of the ground ;' nor did she ever have to sigh in the lonely shades of 'single blessedness,' but early found a hand to guide, and a heart to love her.

Ellen and Julia were healthy and handsome, diligent and frugal, kind and courteous, obedient and thankful, modest and retiring, and were loved and respected by all who knew them—the pride of their father, and the joy of their mother.

Philo, too, was a child of promise, though occasionally his playful temper and roguish leer excited a little concern in the minds of his parents and sisters in reference to his future character ; but, on the whole, he was a 'fine young fellow,' and heir to a proprietorship, such as few lads could boast in all the country.

Such was the family of Mr B. when half a century had rolled over his head. Thro' a long series of years, he had encountered no ebbs in the tide of fortune ; no clouds lowered around him ; no fitful gusts of anxiety and alarm swept across his path ; nor was there a cloud in all his horizon to intercept the rays of the sun of prosperity ! Peace, health and joy reigned in all his borders, and plenty swelled as the ocean on his premises. His wife and daughters stood before him a circle of loveliness ; and their smiles, their beauty, and affectionate caresses were a rich reward for the toils and hardships of by-gone years ; and his son—his only son—his very self in miniature—he looked upon as a scion which might blossom when the stock from which it was originally taken should be leafless, sapless, prostrate—lost in the oblivion of years. This was a blooming family, whose hopes and interests were identical ; whose hearts beat in unison ; and whose eyes

looked deep into the future, and counted off many happy years, and rapturously said '*They are ours !*'

This is an uncertain, changing world labelled with the pathetic words of Solomon, 'Vanity of vanities ; all is vanity.'—The heavens may smile joyfully on the earth for a season, and the earth send back a laughing shout to the skies ; the elements may appear to slumber quiescently, and the day of storms to lie deep in the womb of coming months ; but the explosions of the tempest and roar of the elemental thunder will soon undeceive us, and proclaim the fermenting process which was going on even in the most joyous of our days.

And so it was in the family of Mr B.—The 'flood tide' of prosperity at last ceased its inundations, and began its swift and fearful ebb ! The smiling sun of fortune, which had for so many years gone up and down the glowing heavens, and never met a cloud, at last sunk into a 'long, dark, starless night, which had no moon beyond it.' The stars, too, the sparkling gems in the domestic horizon, went out—ay, were lost in the gathering clouds of adversity.—The light became darkness ; joy changed to sorrow ; songs, to lamentations ; the shout of vigor and hope, to the wail of anguish and despair. Peace, health and expectation plumed their pinions for a measureless flight, and the conflicting elements of a terrible storm came roaring down on the family circle and quiet habitation.—The unruffled sea of rural and domestic life, smooth as the polished mirror, became the stormy ocean—the theatre of infuriate winds, muttering thunders, gleaming lightnings. Misfortune arrayed herself in horrors, and took unwelcome 'lodgings' in the once prosperous dwelling. DEATH, the remorseless tyrant, came striding over the hills, and demanded immediate payment of the levied tax on mortality. He would take no security ; but, with a ghastly smile, pointed down into an empty vault of an adjoining tomb, and furiously swore, by the curse of sin, it was his right to fill the untenanted abode. He laid his chil-

ing hand on the fond mother, as if conscious that he then touched a chord that would vibrate in tones of misery through the affectionate hearts of surviving friends. Mrs B. sickened and died. Not skill, or sympathy, or love, or breaking hearts and flowing tears could save her. One wanton flourish of the finger of the monster snapped asunder the 'silver cord,' and broke in pieces the 'golden bowl.'

Uniformity was no longer a characteristic of Mr B.'s family circle. One of the 'great lights' of his domestic 'system' had set behind the shades of death. A dense and expanding cloud of gloom hung over all his prospects: only now and then a ray of light streamed athwart the darkness of his soul. Whither should he go? What could he do? If he walked in his fields or orchards, the fair form and mellow voice of his devoted wife met not his eye or fell on his ear; and if he returned to his beautiful cottage, loneliness and silence crushed his manly heart. *Ichabod* flamed forth on its very walls.

And then, 'What shall become of the children? Whose hand of love shall guide and restrain them through the tempting vistas and fascinating avenues of childhood and youth? To whose care and educational tutorship shall they be entrusted? And who shall be the solace of *my* old age, and share with *me* the infirmities which accumulate in declining years? Who shall soothe my anxious spirit in the chamber of death, and impress the farewell kiss of affection on my furrowed brow? Alas, for the wife of my youth! Why should she first be called to encounter the 'swellings of Jordan?' How affecting these questions!—how full of pathos! They breathe the emotions of a troubled spirit. But there is a difference in human grief. In some minds it is like a mountain stream when swollen by the Spring or Autumn rains; it goes leaping, roaring, dashing on, over cliffs and crags, until its shouts and murmurs are hushed in the plains and meadows below. Its source is small and shallow, and one half the year sends forth no murmuring rill—no foaming, shouting tor-

rent to swell the notes in Nature's anthem. In other minds, it is like the deep, flowing river, without a ripple on its surface, or the majestic and resistless swell of the ocean when its undulations reach its coral bed. Old, steady-moving Time, too, is a rectifier of the world's mistakes, and a modifier of its ills and pleasures also; and this, on the whole, must be considered a wise and happy arrangement in the natural economy: else men would sink in floods of sorrow, or drown in rivers of pleasure and dissipation.

With Mr B. the storm of affliction was unlooked-for, and he was unprepared to meet it; but after it had spent its fury, and his feelings and views had been sufficiently chastened, he once more began to calculate for himself and children in reference to future years. He resolved on a second marriage, and the person selected for consort and step-mother, was a sister of his deceased wife. She resided in S., N. Y., where Mr B. determined, at a proper time, to proceed and consummate the sacred union. The time fixed on was Sept., 1837. The season arrived; and Mr B., the rich and venerable rustic of the hills, simple-hearted and unsuspecting, wholly unused to the 'wide world,' having never, to any great extent, mingled in the whirl of the 'travelling public,' started on his journey, having furnished his *wallet* with between one and two hundred dollars to defray expenses. He stepped on board a stage in W., Vt., on the great thoroughfare between Brattleboro' and Troy, and soon the high-mettled steeds, prancing to the crack of the driver's whip, plunged deep into the forests and defiles of the Green mountains, and wound their crooked way among everlasting hills, until they reached Bennington, and thence dashed furiously on till they reached Troy and Albany, N. Y.

How little we know of what awaits us in future days! We travel thoughtlessly the highway of danger, and sing joyously on the frightful verge of the precipice.—The envenomed serpent spins his 'death-note' beneath some 'quivering brake' which overhangs our path, or coils himself in our very track,

'Just in the act, with greenly venomed fangs,
To strike the foot that heedless o'er him hangs.
Blotted with rage on spiral folds he rides;
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides;
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums;
His parched and hissing throat breathes hot and dry;
A spark of hell lies burning on his eye;'

and yet onward we rush, ignorant of our danger, until we feel the fangs of the monster struck deep into our veins,

'And through our bounding heart,
The cold and curdling poison seems to dart.'

This was the case with our rustic friend. He left his home, his son, his daughters, to see it and them no more; to return not again until the 'heavens shall have passed away with a great noise,' until the resurrection of all human dead. He went away to die—not naturally, or in some quiet chamber, surrounded with friends, or friendly strangers—but in the gloomy morass, by the hand of violence. He went away to find a foreign grave, but found it not until the wild winds of seven months had swept over his unsheeted, unseparated body! On board the stage Mr B. entered, was a young man, one of those desperate cosmopolites who, lion-like, travel up and down the world seeking whom they may devour. He fixed his eye on Mr B. and marked him as a victim—concluding, of course, that he was a 'rich old farmer,' who, if he never returned home again, would be but little missed in the world.

He kept in Mr B.'s company to Albany, and then with him went on board a packet on the Great Western canal for S. The packet, as is usual, passed leisurely along until Mr B. had arrived within six miles of his destination, when, soon after daylight in the morning, he stepped on shore to take a walk along the canal in advance of the boat. The young desperado proffered his company in the walk, and was accepted; and on they paced at so rapid a rate as to leave their sluggish craft 'pout-

ing in the distant vale.' They entered a dismal swamp—fit for the habitation of devils and murderers—crossed the canal, and about ten rods from its bank the young veteran in crime perpetrated the horrid deed! He deliberately, coldly, wantonly, for the sake of a few dollars, took the precious life of his unsuspecting fellow traveller, and left him in his blood, a prey for beasts or vultures.

A few weeks passed away, and friends became anxious. He had not been in S.—he had not returned home—where could he have gone? The terrible thought, like a burning avalanche from Etna, rolled upon the hearts of friends: he has been *murdered*! And so he had; but though diligent search was made, his body was not found until March, 1838! The winds sighed his requiem; the raven, wheeling over the spot where he reposed in death, screeched the only dirge over his frozen clay; the drifting snows were his winding sheet; and the saplings of the forest bent in sympathy, instead of the weeping willow, over the lone place where he lay.

At home, suspense, anxiety, distress, held their iron sway. The children could go to their mother's grave and weep; but what had become of their father? The cloud of uncertainty at length passed away, and it was clearly ascertained that Mr B. had met his fate in a tragic manner. He had fallen by the steel of the assassin.—Thus perished the remnant of his days; and in an untimely manner he went to meet his God. His children are left to inherit his riches, but not to enjoy them—for they must ever reflect that they are the earnings of a MURDERED FATHER.

Original.

THE WIDOW'S WEDDING.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This looks not like a bridal."

"TELL us a story, uncle; a true story," exclaimed half a dozen young voices, as a group of girls gathered around the arm-chair of the venerable old clergyman.

"But you complain that my true tales are all grave ones," answered Mr. B——.

"Well, dear uncle, you must have married a great many people as well as buried them, during your long experience as a parish clergyman; tell us a story of some romantic wedding," cried a gay and jiddy creature, seating herself on his footstool as she spoke.

"I remember but few joyous and merry scenes, my light-hearted Mary," answered the old man, as he parted the hair on her white forehead. "Did you never notice in an old picture that the dark tints are always the most enduring, while the once bright ones are faded and dim. It is much the same with the sketches which memory traces in the chambers of our imagery: when she uses the sombre hues of sorrow the picture remains unchanged, but when we would look upon some vivid scene of joy once brightly depicted on our minds, we often find only a ghastly shadow of by gone beauty. Weddings are not always scenes of happiness, Mary."

"I am sure they ought to be," said the maiden, with a blush and a smile.

"Well, children, you shall have your wish. I will tell you of a bridal at which I officiated in earlier life, and you shall judge whether it is sufficiently romantic to please your excited fancy.

"Among the most influential of my parishioners in the little town of Woodlands, was a family named Danville. The father had made a large fortune in trade, and leaving the business in the hands of his two sons, had retired to a newly purchased estate in my neighborhood, where he lived in a style of splendor, far exceeding that of the surrounding gentry. Proud of his wealth, and vain of its numerous appliances, with which he was surrounded, he was yet hospitable to his friends and charitable to the poor; and if much of his hospitality and charity might be traced to the ostentation which was his besetting sin, yet those who knew him were willing to excuse the weakness for the sake of its frequent good results. His wife resembled him in some points of character. Her past experience of the evils of poverty, had perhaps tended to increase her sense of the value of money, while it served to keep alive in her a spirit of economy which savored strongly of parsimony, and blended most strangely with the love of display, which formed a prominent trait in her disposition. She was at once luxurious and mean—seeking to outshine her neighbors but always at the least possible expense. The sons were men of business, engrossed in the acquisition of gain and having no thought beyond their day-book and ledger.

"But how shall I describe their only daughter, Margaret? It seemed a strange fate which placed a crea-

ture so delicate in all her perceptions, so sensitive in her feelings, so refined in all her tastes, amid a family so coarse in their habits. Her figure was almost too fragile for perfect symmetry, but her face was full of that gentle, spiritualized loveliness which the painters of olden time imaged in the countenance of the Madonna. I think I see her now, with her soft brown hair braided smoothly upon her fair brow, her deep blue eyes full of liquid light, and her cheek wearing the delicate tint seen in the inner fold of the sea-shell. Quiet and placid in manner, every movement was full of grace. She had none of the buoyancy of early youth, but her demeanor was characterized by a timid and gentle reserve, which spoke rather of subdued feelings than of a cold nature. She always seemed to me like some delicate wild flower which had sprung up in native fragrance and beauty amid a bed of gaudy and flaming exotics. She was an only daughter, and of course an heiress, and her parents looked forward to the period when she should contract a brilliant marriage. Visions of French Counts and German Barons, and even vague dreams of the younger son of an English peerage, visited the scheming brain of Mrs. Danville. She determined that Margaret should visit Europe, and she scarcely doubted that she would return with a title which might excite the envy of all her acquaintances. She reflected upon the splendors of such an alliance; the sound of 'my daughter, the Countess,' rung in her ears, until she almost believed that her wishes were prophecies.

"In pursuance of these plans, Mrs. Danville steadily discouraged the visits and attentions of all those young men, who, attracted by the charms and fortune of Margaret, would willingly have sued for her favor. She wished to keep her daughter secluded from society, lest some girlish-fancy should mar her plans, and Margaret's retiring habits rendered this no difficult task. In fact Margaret felt little enjoyment in society, for she knew that the watchful eye of her mother was constantly upon her, checking the flow of quiet mirth and restraining the free impulses of her pure nature, until she absolutely dreaded to enter a gay circle. Her tastes were all perfectly feminine, and to the cultivation of these she devoted a great proportion of her time, taking little thought for the future, so long as the present brought contentment. She was neither a genius nor a beauty, but the loveliness of her gentle nature, her quiet good sense, and her nobleness of heart, were depicted in her sweet face, and if I were called to sketch the face of an angelic being, I should scarcely fail to trace the lineaments of Margaret.

"At the time I first became acquainted with the family, Margaret was about eighteen, and the charm of her society reconciled me in some degree to the very unprepossessing manners of her parents. There is something so impertinent in purse-proud superiority—something so annoying in the affectation of condescending politeness in such people, that those who are poorer but not less proud, are apt to lose sight of christian charity in their judgment of them. For my own part, I must confess, that I was rather vexed than pleased with Mr.

Danville's ostentatious display of his old wines and costly plate when I occasionally dined with him; and I would rather have plodded on foot through the most miry lane in the parish, than have accepted the use of his elegant carriage, with its gold-embroidered hammer-cloth and liveried footmen. I suppose I was wrong, but his very civilities seemed almost like insults, from the manner in which they were proffered, and, but for the interest I felt in the gentle daughter, I am afraid my parochial visits to them would have been few and far between. You need not smile at an old man's confession. I was not in love with Margaret Danville, for long ere then, I had wooed and wedded one who is the comfort of my age as she was the joy of my youth. No, I loved Margaret as I might have loved a younger sister, and I watched over her with deeper interest because her position was so little suited to her character.

"Mrs. Danville had a nephew, the son of a deceased sister, who had early shown such evidences of talent that his poverty-stricken parents had strained every nerve to bestow on him the advantages of a liberal education. They lived to witness the completion of his academical studies, and then died, leaving him to struggle with the world in that most helpless of all conditions—a poor scholar. But Carrington Wilson was too energetic a man to sit down in hopeless inaction. The opportunity of visiting Europe, as tutor to a young heir, was offered to him and immediately accepted. During his absence he applied himself to the study of medicine, for which the schools at Paris afforded great facility. His pupil, who fortunately for him, was equally studious, though his taste led him to a different class of pursuits, gave him all the aid in his power; and, when at the expiration of six years, the young men returned to their native country, the one was a skilful amateur painter, the other an accomplished physician. But the artist returned to the possession of an ample fortune, while the physician was doomed to all the wasting anxieties of an early professional career. He had talent and learning, but he was young and unpatronized, and his only prospect was a weary waste of expectancy. Mrs. Danville had never noticed her nephew during his early years, except by those decent observances by which people manage to quiet poor relations; a New-Year's gift to the mother, and a Christmas box to the boy, were supposed to make amends for the want of sisterly affection and kindly interest. But when the young Doctor returned from abroad as the companion of a rich friend, when she learned that they had possessed the *entrée* to some of the best society on the continent, she thought she saw an opening which led to the fulfilment of her schemes. She resolved to cultivate an intimacy with her nephew, and, by inducing him to become the companion of their projected tour in Europe, obtain admission into the circles where she hoped Margaret might shine. Whatever feelings of contempt Carrington Wilson might have had towards the designing and self-interested woman, he determined to avail himself of every honorable method of advancement, and he therefore accepted her invitations from motives as selfish as were her's who offered these courtesies.

"But his acquaintance with Margaret soon led to better feelings. Her pure and unsophisticated character, her timid gentleness, concealing as it did, the warmest and deepest affections, and her delicate beauty of person, soon awakened his earnest interest in his young cousin. Mrs. Danville encouraged their intimacy from perfectly sordid motives, without being in the least degree sensible of its danger. Indeed the idea that her penniless nephew should dare to raise his thoughts to the heiress of the rich Mr. Danville never entered her brain. She would have been as likely to suspect her footman of such presumption. But Carrington was perfectly familiar with the spoken languages of Europe, while Margaret only knew them from books, and in pursuance of her plans, she wished her daughter to be able to converse fluently in foreign tongues. She therefore suggested that Carrington should share with his cousin some of the benefit derived from his residence abroad, and that, by a course of reading and daily conversation, Margaret should endeavor to acquire his facility in speaking French and Italian. It may readily be imagined that neither of them undertook the task with much reluctance. For the first time in her life Margaret found perfect sympathy of tastes and congeniality of sentiments; while Carrington enjoyed the purest of all pleasures, an intimate yet passionless communion with one for whom he felt a more than fraternal affection. Had they been subjected to any restraint or suspicion, they would probably have discovered the nature of their feelings, but, content with the thought that Margaret, without any additional expense, was becoming better qualified to dazzle in the gay scenes of continental life, Mrs. Danville looked with perfect complacency upon their intimacy.

"The time fixed for their visit to Europe at length arrived. Carrington Wilson accompanied them, and during the two years that they remained abroad, I knew little of them, except a few vague reports of Margaret's success in society. But, at the expiration of that time, Carrington suddenly returned alone, and the Danville family soon followed. Not long after they were again settled in their home, Mrs. Danville informed me, confidentially, of her troubles, and begged me to exert my pastoral influence with Margaret to turn her from the error of her ways. Margaret had fallen in love with her cousin, and for his sake had refused a French Marquis, with more hair on his face than brush-wood on his estate—a Russian Baron, with a name longer than his rent-roll—and an Italian Count, with a palace as old as the republic and as empty as his head or pocket. It was quite a terrible affair. Notwithstanding all the money expended upon their tour, Margaret had derived no benefit from it, for, not only had she refused to listen to the overtures of these distinguished foreigners, but she had even threatened to apply to the American consul, when her parents talked of exerting their authority over her. This was a singular tale to hear of the gentle and timid Margaret, and I repaired to her with a determination to understand the affair more fully before I attempted to use my influence over my young favorite. Her version of the story was somewhat different.

"I know," said she, "that obedience to my parents is

a law of God, but the very words of the Book of Truth teaches that children should 'obey their parents in the Lord;' and surely there was no sin in rebelling against the authority which would have consigned me to temporal and eternal ruin. They would have wedded me to folly and vice, to age and covetousness, to ill temper and irreligion; and I refused—ay, even when threatened with the harshest of treatment—when the tyrannical laws of the land in which we sojourned were about to be exerted to enforce my obedience; when they would have dragged me to the altar a struggling victim, I resolutely refused; and had they persisted, I would have appealed to the laws of my own free country to rescue me from such martyrdom. I have been permitted to look upon my cousin as my dearest friend, and now—when the very intimacy which my parents encouraged has become necessary to my happiness—I am forbidden to cherish the feelings which are entwined with my very existence. If Carrington had faults of character to which they could object, there would be some reason in their opposition, but no—the only barrier between us is my mother's ambition, and I have suffered too much from that, to submit now calmly to its dictates. I will not degrade myself by a clandestine marriage with Carrington; but I will never marry another.'

"It always seemed to me as if this singular violence in one so uniformly gentle—this

"Unwonted fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovered o'er its mate,"

had terrified the sordid nature of her parents. They could not understand this sudden outbreak of impetuous will in a creature heretofore so docile and submissive. I believe they looked upon it as a species of insanity, the incipient stage of madness, and were actually frightened into a compliance with her wishes. Whatever were their motives, they yielded at length to her steadfast purpose, and, when Margaret had attained her twenty-first year, I was summoned to perform the nuptial ceremony. I must confess that I was not sorry for the turn which affairs had taken, for Carrington Wilson was a noble fellow, and I knew him to be worthy of the love of such a being as Margaret. I had never been able heartily to condemn her apparent undutifulness to her parents, because I was certain that they were incapable of judging wisely for a child so unlike themselves; and, therefore, though I have seldom known any good to come from a marriage contracted contrary to the wishes of parents, I was willing to hope the best from this union.

"Mrs. Danville had consented with a very ill grace, but, the sacrifice once made, she was determined to manage the affair with some display. A large party was invited; all the fashion of the neighborhood was collected; and, in the midst of the frivolous assembly, Margaret, looking like the Peri when she beheld the opening gates of Paradise, plighted her vows to her beloved cousin. I never saw a face so radiant with happiness as was hers on that eventful evening.

"The mother found some consolation in selecting the most gorgeous furniture for the house destined for the

young pair, and in relating to every one the tale of Mr. Danville's generous conduct towards them. Indeed a want of liberality was not one of the father's failings, and when he endowed his daughter with a fine house and a competent income, every body was in raptures with his noble spirit. Carrington devoted himself earnestly to his profession, probably from a wish to become independent of his father-in-law; and he was not long in discovering that his wealthy alliance had produced a wonderful effect upon the perceptions of those who had heretofore been blind to his merits. A wide field of practice began to open before him, and I believe if ever perfect happiness blessed the lot of mortals, the young husband and his gentle wife then enjoyed it. But alas! it was like the few glimpses of Heaven which the weary wayfarer beholds in his toilsome earthly pilgrimage.

"A year had scarcely elapsed, when they were aroused from their placid enjoyments by the necessity of a temporary separation. Margaret's elder brother had gone to the south on business, and, while there, intelligence was received of his dangerous illness. Mr. Danville immediately suggested that Carrington Wilson should proceed to the place of his sojourn, not only to give him the benefit of his medical skill, but also to accompany him home as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to travel. Of course to such a summons there could be but one response. His duty was plain; and with his hopes of a speedy return struggling with his regrets at leaving his sweet wife, he bade her farewell. Day after day Margaret's heart was gladdened and her eye brightened by the receipt of a letter from him whom she loved with such passionate fondness. At every place where the traveller stopped, he wrote to her, and this enabled her to endure with patience the first fortnight of his absence. But at length a day passed without a letter—another and another followed—and while the family were filled with anxiety; they received tidings that the invalid brother was already on his way home. His letter told them of his convalescence, and bade them expect him home at a certain time—but the name of Carrington was not once mentioned. Margaret was almost wild with anxiety, but she strove to listen to the whispers of hope until the return of her brother. He returned, sick and feeble, and *alone!* He had not seen Carrington, and did not even know of his journey. Need I describe to you the anguish of the unhappy wife? Her family, sordid and calculating as they were, could not behold her agony unmoved, and her younger brother determined to go in search of her husband. Margaret, at first, prepared to accompany him, but when it was suggested that her presence would only impede him in his design, she quietly submitted, and remained to abide the issue of his research. What wretchedness did the young creature endure during that awful season of suspense! Daily did I minister to her the words of consolation, but her heart could listen only to its terrible forebodings, and my services were of little avail.

"Are you prepared to hear the result of young Danville's journey? In a lone and unfrequented wood, beneath a pile of withered leaves and hemlock branches,

was found a mangled and disfigured body. The knife of the assassin and natural decay had left little personal trace of its identity, but the name, still visible on parts of the dress, some peculiarities in the form of the poor remnant of mortality, and a little locket, apparently of too trifling value to tempt the cupidity of the robber, which still hung upon the ghastly breast, offered proof enough. It was indeed all that remained of the hapless Carrington Wilson! His murderer had probably been stimulated by cupidity, as his watch, his pocket-book, and even a ring, the gift of Margaret, which he always wore, were now gone. Every clue to the perpetrator of the awful crime, was, of course, lost; and consigning the body to a less unhallowed grave, young Danville returned to his home, bearing with him the terrible evidences of the fate which had befallen his sister's husband.

"I will not harrow up your young minds by a recital of all the wretchedness which I witnessed in that house when the fearful tidings were revealed to Margaret. She listened to them with a cold and strong look of horror, and when the locket was placed in her hands, she fell prostrate on the floor—not with the relaxed motion of one in a fainting-fit, but stiff and rigid like a statue thrown from its base. For three days she remained in that fearful state; her limbs bound in the rigidity of catalepsy—her eyes open but sightless—her features petrified in their horror-stricken expression, and nothing of life remaining, save a slight warmth of the skin and a feeble flutter of the pulse. All efforts to arouse her seemed futile, and her medical attendants watched, with almost breathless anxiety, for the moment when this '*Life-in-Death*,' should give place to the actual presence of the King of Terrors. But she awoke from this frightful trance—with senses bewildered and chaotic she awoke to physical consciousness, and the very alienation of mind, which prevented her from realizing the full extent of her misery, enabled her physicians to restore her to bodily health.

"The return of reason to Margaret's darkened mind, seemed like the slow upraising of a heavy curtain which had hidden all the past from her view. Gradually the truth broke upon her, and, at length, *tears*, the first she had shed, though Carrington had lain more than a year in his bloody grave, gave promise of a milder and more manageable sorrow. But I think she never quite recovered her vigor of mind. Her fine taste, her delicate sensibility, her firmness of character, seemed extinct; and, from the time when she was stricken down to the earth by the lightning-stroke of sorrow, she became merely a passive and unresisting instrument in the hands of others. She considered the awful death of her husband as a judgment for her former wilfulness; and this idea—a proof of her weakened state of mind—she brooded over, until it became like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, the daily guest in the chambers of her heart. A system of penance, like that which condemns the nun to the cold austere of the cloister, became the guide of Margaret's conduct; and, while she steeled her heart against all cheerful impulses, she determined that the will of her parents should henceforth be the sole guide of her future life.

"It was about four years after the terrible death of Carrington, that I was again summoned to perform the marriage ceremony in the stately mansion of the Danvilles. Margaret was a second time a bride! You start, but she was only affixing the seal of martyrdom to her self-inflicted penance—it was the will of her parents. They had dragged her from one fashionable watering-place to another. They had compelled her to throw aside her weeds of widowhood—they had forced her into the giddy dance and the midnight revel, and to all this she had submitted without a murmur. 'It is a part of my punishment,' she would whisper, when she saw herself decked in ball-room attire; and she went into the midst of gayety even as a martyr might have gone to the stake. But no earthly power could change the cold, stony expression of her once lovely countenance. Its tender sweetness was gone for ever, and those who marked her frozen look, or the mechanical movements of her delicate form, might almost have believed that they looked upon the realization of the fable of antiquity, and actually beheld

'The marble stiffening o'er the mortal form.'

"During their stay at Newport, the preceding summer, the Danville family had become acquainted with a young Englishman, who, to great apparent modesty of deportment, united the advantages of fortune and high birth, being the second son of the Marquis of Thistle-down, and bearing the title of Sir William Thornton. Mrs. Danville was enraptured. A real English nobleman was something better than a foreign Count, for, though titles might be purchased in England, yet they were more costly affairs there than on the continent, and of course more aristocratic, according to her notions. The cold hearted mother saw with delight the possible success of her long cherished scheme, and actually congratulated herself on the chance which had thus left Margaret unfettered. Indeed, after the first natural feelings of horror had subsided, the Danvilles did not pretend to feel any regret at the death of Carrington Wilson. They had never loved him, and they determined that as Margaret had followed her own will in that alliance, they would assert the same privilege on some future occasion, for, it is certain, that the unhappy widow had scarcely recovered from her alienation of mind, when they began to form new projects for a future matrimonial connection. Mrs. Danville left no means untried to secure the attentions of the noble Sir William. She excited his sympathy for Margaret by details of her early widowhood, sedulously concealing however the manner of her bereavement, lest a knowledge of her past insanity should deter him from seeking her hand; and she took care to make him understand that Margaret was now perfectly free to bestow her hand and fortune on a second husband.

"Sir William seemed quite charmed with Margaret, although it must be confessed that, to a stranger, there were few attractions in the pale cold face of the young widow. But the feeling was not returned by Margaret. She walked with him, rode with him, listened to him, sang to him, only because her mother bade her do so—but not a ray of feeling ever lighted up her countenance or enlivened the tones of her monotonous voice. Sir

William, however, was not to be turned aside by trifles. He visited the Danvilles at their own house, and delighted them by the assurance that they lived in precisely the same style as his father, the Marquis; excepting that the noble possessed several fine seats and broad parks, while the tradesman, alas! could only boast of one villa. He succeeded admirably in his designs upon Mrs. Danville; she was perfectly happy, and when at length he made proposals in due form for the hand of her daughter, she was ready to drop him a courtesy and thank him for his condescension. Margaret was not consulted on the subject. She was told of his offer and commanded to accept it; and with shuddering horror, like that which convulses the poor Suttee when she binds herself to the funeral pyre, she submitted to her fate.

"I conceived a great dislike to Sir William Thornton from the first moment I beheld him. He was a strong-built muscular man, between thirty and forty years of age, thick-necked, coarse-lipped, and heavy browed, with an expression in his light grey eye which I could not endure. He never looked full in the face of any one, and his shifting restless eye seemed full of suspicion. He rather avoided me during the short time I had an opportunity of seeing him, and I began to doubt whether he was actually what he pretended to be. However, Mrs. Danville was pleased and Margaret submissive, so that the preparations for the marriage were carried on with a great degree of splendor.

"The day before that fixed upon for the marriage, I could not resist the impulse which led me to see Margaret in private, and learn her true sentiments. The familiar terms on which I now visited the family, enabled me to accomplish this with great ease, and our interview was prolonged for several hours.

"'I know you think I am doing wrong, my dear sir,' said Margaret in conclusion, 'but you cannot feel as I do. I am offering myself in expiation of the sin of my youth; a sin which cost my husband his precious life. God saw fit to punish my wilfulness by the most severe of all trials—for he well knew that while my idol lived, all other sorrows were as dust when weighed in the balance against my happiness. Carrington was taken from me, and I was left to make atonement. But I feel as if my punishment will not be made harder than I can bear; I shall not live long to wear the chains I now assume.'

"'And Sir William—what are your feelings towards him?' I asked.

"'Excessive repugnance;' was the shuddering reply. 'It has cost me many a bitter struggle to overcome the almost instinctive loathing with which I recoil from him. But waste not your sympathy upon him, my dear friend, nor think that I treat him with injustice; he wants only my father's wealth, and he shall be satisfied with money, while my mother will rejoice at seeing me ennobled, and I shall be made happy by a speedy release from a thralldom which must soon destroy either life or reason.'

"'It was useless to argue with one who erred so widely both in her feelings and her judgment. Indeed I fancied

there was incipient insanity lurking beneath her calm demeanor, and I could not but tremble for the result.

"The evening of the wedding came. The large rooms were filled with company, and the hour approached when I was to pronounce the nuptial benediction. I was already seated in the drawing-room, awaiting the entrance of the bridal party, when suddenly there rung through the house a long loud shriek, such as never yet issued from mortal lips save as the requiem of a broken heart. A look of consternation sat upon every face; with the swiftness of thought, all flew to the apartment whence the sound had issued. Mr. Danville and myself were the first to enter the room, and the sight which I beheld will never leave my memory. Seized with the same mysterious and frightful malady which had once before reduced her to the brink of the grave, the victim of catalepsy stood fixed as a statue—her arm extended—her long thin finger pointing towards some unseen object—the features of her face petrified in their awful expression of horror, and looking like some terrific spectre. Sir William cowered in a remote corner, his pallid cheek and lurid lip bearing witness to his alarm. But a frowning brow was bent upon him, and a strong arm was ready to grasp him when he arose from his abject position.

"Of course a scene of great confusion ensued. Rumors of all kinds were whispered among the company; the stranger guests dispersed quietly and quickly, and the few friends who remained learned the full horror of the tale.

"Margaret had suffered herself to be attired as passively as a child, and gave little evidence of heeding the efforts of her dressing-maid, until the moment when the girl attempted to remove from her neck a black ribbon which held the locket that had been her constant companion since it was removed from the bosom of her murdered husband. This she vehemently insisted on retaining, and in strong contrast with her necklace of pearls and her brussels lace, appeared that dark badge of sorrow. When she entered the apartment where the bridal party awaited her, she was observed to shudder as the bridegroom approached to lead her to a seat; but the emotion was instantly repressed, and she passively suffered him to place himself at her side. His eye was caught by the black ribbon, and with singular want of tact as well as delicacy, he made some jesting remark as he raised his hand, as if to draw from its hiding-place, the treasure which was attached to the dusky band. Margaret felt the dignity of womanhood insulted by the gesture, she turned suddenly to repulse his audacious touch, but as she did so, her eye fell on a ring which he wore on his finger. Without a word she snatched it wildly from him, and the next instant the fearful shriek was uttered which had so shaken the nerves of all who heard it. That ring was found tightly clasped in her hand, after she was placed in bed, and it was instantly recognized as the one which had been her gift to Carrington Wilson. It was of rich and massive gold set with a single diamond of great value; but, as a proof beyond all doubt, her brother who was familiar with the secret, touched a spring which raised the

diamond and disclosed the word 'Margaret,' enamelled on the inner gold.

"Do you read the enigma? or must I tell you that suspicion was aroused, and that by a singular concatenation of circumstances, such as often confounds the most deeply laid schemes of villany, the man who styled himself Sir William Thornton, but who was better known by the name of Will Tobin, was found guilty of the murder of Carrington Wilson, more than two years previous. When in prison, under sentence, he confessed the crime, to which he had been tempted by the sight of the victim's well filled pocket-book, which he had noticed as the hapless young man was paying for his night's lodging. But he solemnly disavowed any knowledge of the connection between the murdered man and the widow whom he sought to wed. He had destroyed Carrington's few papers without reading them, and the name of Wilson was too common a one to excite any suspicion in his mind. The wealth of Mrs. Danville, and his accidental discovery of Mrs. Danville's ambitious views, determined him to personate the character he had so successfully assumed. But for the silly vanity which led him to add the fatal ring to his wedding ornaments, the *widow of the murdered* would have been the *wife of the murderer* !

"Margaret did not survive the shock. She died without giving any evidence of returning consciousness, and six weeks after she was consigned to her early grave, the criminal perished by the strong arm of the offended law."

For the Ladies' Pearl.

TIME.

What is time? I asked an aged man, a
man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and gray with hoar-
ry hairs.
Time is the warp of life, he said: O tell
The young, the gay, the fair to weave it
well.

But what is time? Some answer by
saying, it is duration measured by the
heavenly bodies; others, it is the impres-
sion which a series of objects leave upon
the memory, and of which we are certain
the existence has been successive; oth-
ers, still, say it is a fragment of eternity,
broken off at both ends.

We may, then, consider it in its most
unlimited sense, that space included be-
tween the singing of the morning stars,
the shouting for joy of the sons of God,
and Gabriel's placing one foot on the sea,
and the other on the land, and declaring,
in a voice not to be misunderstood, to all
the past, present and future generations
of the earth, that 'Time shall be no
longer.' Short as this period may seem,
when compared with that, far, far behind,
when time nor change knew no exist-
ence, before stars or sun appeared; when
the Eternal Mind, all perfect, infinite and
alone, possessed within himself the source
of all happiness; or the eternity into
which all will be merged when time shall
cease; yet generation after generation of
the human family have come into exist-
ence, and passed away again.

We see, then, that the time allotted to
individuals is but an inconsiderable por-
tion of this space. Numbers but open
their eyes upon the scenes of earth, and,
as if appalled with the view, close them
again forever, having even the alphabet
of their knowledge to acquire in eternity.
Others, like some morning flowers which
spread their beauties to the eye of the
beholder, and promise at least a day in
which to be admired, droop at the sun's

first ray, and show themselves too frail to
continue inhabitants of this vale of sor-
row and vicissitude. Many are permitted
to enter the arena of public life, and like
the opening rose-bud, begin to diffuse the
fragrance of their wise and pious exam-
ples, when in maiden sweetness or digni-
fied manhood, they are summoned to give
an account of their stewardship. Others
there are still, who live on till three score
and ten summers have bleached their
locks, blanchd their cheeks, and furrow-
ed their brows deeply, and yet time, in
the retrospect, dwindles before them.—
They can easily connect the sport and
buoyant hopes of their boyhood with their
tottering days.

What said the patriarch, though he had
lived to prevail with the Lord; had spent
fourteen years of servitude in unpleasant
circumstances, to obtain her whom he
loved; had mourned his long lost Joseph
as dead, and was finally brought, after
suffering severely for fear of the dangers
which must attend his beloved Benjamin
and other children, in preserving him in
advanced life from the ravages of famine,
to enjoy the blessings of abundance, and
the society of all his children. After all
these reverses, he was constrained to say,
'Few and evil have been the days of the
years of my pilgrimage.'

But if we subtract for the enjoyment
of the 'sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' one-
third of the three score and ten years al-
lotted to man, we shall find but forty-six
and two-thirds remaining. Making a still
farther deduction for the time necessary
to supply the wastes of nature and the
protection of our bodies from cold and
heat, how brief a space indeed is left for
the great purposes of probation: yet, how
often do we see people resorting to this
and that amusement to pass away time.
Any way, say they, to kill old Time. Ah!
little do they think Time is immortal till
his work is done; and instead of killing
him, he will appear in the day of final

retribution as a swift witness against them for not having made better improvement of the precious morceaux measured out to them.

Many are deceived by the noiseless manner in which Time does his work, and think he lingers for them to execute their purposes. But though they may listen ever so silently, and hold their very breath to hear the flapping of his pinions, or the sands of his hour-glass drop grain after grain, yet he speeds on,

‘Still as the morning sunbeam, as it kiss’d
The blushing flower, but shook not e’en
the tears

Of night from off its leaves, nor woke
The wild bee slumbering in its folds.’

Having considered the nature and brevity of Time, we will now notice some of the changes which it produces. If we look into the earth and examine its geology, we shall find, that since Time began its course, important changes have been produced in it. Where once the mighty deep was assigned its place, and the finny tribe sported in all their joy and vivacity, man now probably cultivates the soil and rears his habitations. The forest tree, where the feathery family hove: and answer to each other’s notes, has taken the place of the sea-weed where the dolphin and seahorse had their gambols; and the diamond is now secretly concreting where the coral might have formed its specimens of beauty. But if we turn our eye at the human family we shall find changes in its history equally great. For instance, the ancient, chosen people of God, once so highly favored, now in fulfillment of prophecy, have become a by-word among all nations. Those countries, once the nurseries of the arts and sciences, are now groping in the darkness of barbarism. Egypt has lost the art of embalming, and many others of more special service to the nation, and her Cyprian charms her sons no more.—Greece had her Pruden to sing. Athens her Solon to give laws, and her Demos-

thenes to rouse. Sparta her Lycurgus Rome her Cicero, and Syracuse her Archimedes.

Happy we trust for those countries, that the principles which her bishops, poets, orators, lawgivers, and mathematicians taught, are not buried with them. We expect Time will yet see Egypt, Ethiopia, and Seba ransomed, and christian America exerting herself to redress their wrongs. Our own country presents in this respect a happier picture. The arts and sciences are not waning but becoming more mature. Almost every department of labor is receiving benefit from their aid, and it is not unlikely that the advantages derived from the power of steam, may greatly accelerate the spread of the Gospel. In retrospecting our history as a nation, we find many humiliating facts at which our cheeks are mantled with a blush, and our hearts wither by a burning shame. Time, probably will behold these stains erased, and hear those now under oppression’s galling yoke, sing the triumphant song of release to the captive. But we must have observed more particularly, the changes produced in our own circle since the days of innocent childhood, when the hearth was made cheerful by our father’s presence, our mother’s smile, the counsels of elder brothers, and the sympathy of kind and attentive sisters. But our fathers, where are they, and our mothers, do they live forever? Ah, no. Long, long since we were able to rise up and call them blessed. The insatiate archer marked our brother for a victim, and he takes us by the hand no more. We saw our sister’s eye bright, and we thought her cheek still rosy with health; but no, it was consumption’s own decoying flush. She too is gone to the spirit land, and her music charms us no more. Since we were last greeted by our friends with a happy new year, perhaps some of us have seen our blooming hopes cut off, their

children of peculiar promise lie withered and dead. Or some may have consigned to the tomb a beloved companion; in comparison to whom all the friends of earth might be dispensed with.

While thus musing on the changes produced by Time, we are ready to exclaim—

‘What does not fade? the tower that long
had stood

The crash of thunder and the roaring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer,
Time,

Now hangs in doubtful ruins o’er its base,
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass
Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk,
Achaia, Rome and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own
weight.

This huge rotundity on which we tread,
grows old,

And all those worlds that roll around the
sun—

The sun himself shall die, and ancient
night

Again involve the desolate abyss.’

A few reflections on the right improvement of our time. Time is our spring, Eternity our harvest. And as we have no security that this spring will be protracted beyond the present, and a successive one can never be enjoyed, shall we not sow our seed in the morning. And as we are to reap what we sow, shall we not attend to the nature and quality of the seed thus sown? Shall we sit down in ease hanging as weights upon those who would nobly acquit themselves in every good work, and leaving to our children no better inheritance than a bad example? I trust not, viewing as we do, the extreme brevity of time. Let us be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord—doing what we have to do in our families, our business, the cause of humanity and of christianity with our might. In many instances the lapse of a few hours has deprived multitudes of all probationary privileges. The burning of the Lexington and Erie, are melancholy examples. A few moments the air was rent with cries of agony, and

all was over. The peaceful waters rolled on as they had rolled before. But the destiny of those deathless spirits was sealed forever. What would they not have yielded for a privilege like ours at present. Before the new year’s day of 1843 shall be ushered in, how many hearts now throbbing high with hopes of future bliss, will have forgotten to beat, and lie congealed in their own current in yonder cemetery. How many a step now decided and firm, will become feeble and faltering—and the hand now penning these lines, may have become motionless forever.

What changes of a political, moral and religious character may take place, we are unable to predict. But it is conceded by all, that the present and future is a period of momentous interest. Who then will be about their Master’s business of doing the will of their Heavenly Father, and snatching perishing souls from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched? Who that has been on the back ground in personal piety will this year calmly buckle on his armor and prepare for victory? Who that have heretofore made their minds sickly and dwarfish by feeding them with works of fiction and vanity, will leave them for more solid reading, and especially for the word of God, which is able to make them wise unto salvation? Who that has been engrossed with the fashion of the world that passeth away, will stand forth arrayed in the righteousness of christianity to walk with him in white? Who that have been accustomed to frequent dangerous places of amusement, fascinated with their songs of revelry, will choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, and swell the songs of the redeemer, for a sinner saved by grace. Reader, it is for you to determine what report shall be borne of you to Heaven this year.

‘Time past is gone, thou canst not it recal,
Time present is, improve the portion small,

Time future is not, and may never be,
Time present is the only time for thee.'

It is the glory of Time, though short,
to display to the wide universe more of
Him, who made it, than was known be-
fore it began its round.

'Yes Time! to thee the wondrous theme
belongs,

That shall exalt seraphic songs,

The heavenly hierachy see

With hallowed admiration,

The glory of the ransomed church; their
tongues,

Their lyres respond to loftier notes of
praise,

And love, redeeming love, shall raise

Devotion's raptured ecstacies,

To their sublimest, sweetest key,

While saints or seraphs live, or rolls Eter-
nity.

Go then, swift traveller! nor stay

Thy silent, yet continuous flight;

Spread thy broad pinions! haste away

Toward duration infinite!

Fulfil thy round of years!

Let human hopes and fears

Depress or gild thee with illusions bright.

Soon as the shadowy visions of the night,

Before the bursting beams of morning flee,

This earth, these heavens, shall vanish
from the sight!

But God, the Eternal One, the Almighty

Three,

Shall live, shall reign in immortality!

M. ALOES.

TORRIJOS AND HIS COMPANIONS.

AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

It will probably be recollected by some of my readers, and particularly by those who feel an interest in the stirring events that have so strongly marked Spanish history for the last quarter of a century, that toward the close of the year 1831, the Count TORRIJOS, together with a party composed of forty-eight Spaniards and a young Irishman by the name of Boyd, who had for some time previously made their rendezvous at Gibraltar, deceived by MORENO, the then Governor-General of Malaga, left the former port, for the purpose of effecting a landing in Spain, revolutionizing the country, and declaring the constitution of 1812.

The late king, Ferdinand the Seventh, through his spies, had sometime previously obtained an intimation of their intention, and instantly concerted measures to ensnare them. Moreno, in his youth, had been the school-fellow and familiar friend of the devoted Torrijos. The king being aware of this circumstance, and knowing the abject and mercenary character of the man, communicated to him his plans for the capture of this little band of patriots, and as may be supposed found a ready coadjutor. Moreno entered into a friendly correspondence with Torrijos, gained his confidence, became apparently a party to all his plans, and after a time gave him to understand that every thing was ready for his landing; that several of the regiments of royal troops then stationed at Malaga were ready to receive them as brothers in the good cause, the moment they should effect a landing on the soil of Spain; and finally fixed upon a day, when a certain regiment should be waiting their disembarkment at Fuengerola, a little fishing town on the coast, about five leagues from Malaga.

The plan was effective. The regiment was in waiting; the little band landed in the full confidence of friendship; and the next half hour saw them chained together in pairs, and marching in silence toward that city which they had expected to enter in triumph, as the liberators of their country.

On their arrival they were crowded into a convent; an extraordinary express despatched to Madrid with the intelligence of their capture; and at midnight of the sixth day, a solitary horseman arrived at the residence of the governor, bearing a despatch from the king, characteristic of that weak despot. It was in these words: '*Let the traitors be shot within twenty-four hours after the receipt of this decree!*'

The morning sun ushered in Sunday the eleventh day of December, 1831; and the tragic event which followed, as well as the gallant bearing of this little band of heroes previous to their exit, is well described in the following translation of a letter from one of the confessors, a Spanish priest, to his father, immediately after, and discovered by the writer of this communication among the papers of the late consul of the United States at Malaga.

‘I SUPPOSE you will by this time have received both my letters which I forwarded by the last mail. Their contents should have been included in one, had the express arrived at an earlier hour from Madrid; but as it did not reach Malaga until between the hours of three and four o’clock, P. M., on Saturday, my first letter of the same date had been already sent to the post-office.

‘It is now my intention to give you a circumstantial account of what took place in the execution of the royal order with respect to Torrijos and his followers. The express from Madrid, as I have already mentioned, reached Malaga between the hours of three and four o’clock, on Saturday afternoon, bringing the positive order of the King our Lord, that Torrijos and all his companions should be prepared for death, and the sentence put in execution without, the smallest loss of time. The General, governor of this city, took the most prompt measures to carry into effect the order of the king, and in consequence had Torrijos taken from the barracks in which he had been confined, and conducted in a carriage to the Convent of Carmelite Friars, the refectory of which was destined to be the condemned cell of all his party.

‘After the removal of Torrijos, his companions, forty-eight in number, were taken from their several dungeons in which they had been placed, and loaded with heavy irons, marched to the same convent, where their general, Count José Maria Torrijos, had been placed. At about the hour of seven o’clock, P. M., all the culprits were assembled in the refectory of the convent, where there had previously met a number of reverend Fathers, composed of friars from different orders, and some secular priests.

‘One of the priests thus addressed himself to Torrijos: ‘I suppose you know for what purpose we are here?’ To which he replied: ‘I do not, but think I cannot be mistaken in my conjecture;’ for he had not been informed why he had been removed to the convent. The reverend Fathers then commenced exhorting him and his companions to receive with christian resignation the sentence of the king, which condemned them all to death within a few hours, requesting at the same time that Torrijos would make choice among all the ministers of the Almighty, of the person he might wish to assist him in his preparation for death. Torrijos replied that for that purpose all ministers of the Almighty were equally revered by him, so that he who would undertake the charge had only to offer himself; and the reverend Father of our order, Friar Jerome of Ardales, remained with him. He asked Torrijos if he entertained any doubts or had any difficulty in respect to the most holy mysteries of the Catholic religion? To which he replied without hesitation, that he was by the grace of God a Roman Catholic, and never had entertained the smallest doubt with respect to all and every thing which the Holy Catholic church proposed to his belief, whatever his errors might have been as a weak mortal in other respects.

‘He made his confession without the slightest repugnance; and after receiving absolution arose from his knees, and with some difficulty, on

account of the weight of his irons, walked down the centre of the spacious refectory, and having addressed himself in particular to some of his companions, spoke to them all in an audible voice, saying: 'Brave comrades! The moment has now arrived in which we are called upon to look Death firmly in the face. In a few hours all will be at an end as regards us, so far as mortality is concerned; and we shall then be placed beyond the power of the weak revenge of man to add to our bodily sufferings. Let me then beseech you to banish from your brave bosoms every earthly thought, and prepare to receive like christian heroes that glorious fate which awaits us; for what can be so glorious for man, as in some degree to imitate the Saviour of mankind, in suffering with meekness and resignation the tortures of an ignominious death? But death can only destroy our bodily existence; our souls, being immortal, must exist for all eternity; and our holy faith teaches us to believe that there is an eternity of bliss in store for those who die innocent.'

'All Torrijos' companions listened with the greatest attention to his exhortation, and replied to it in the most enthusiastic terms of fervor. The General then addressed himself in particular to one of the prisoners who had been Minister of War at the time of the Spanish constitution; and afterward to another, of the name of Flores Calderon, who had been one of the members of the Cortes at that time, and said to them: 'The chief regret that oppresses my heart at this moment is, that these brave fellows' lives should be sacrificed, who have committed no other crime than that of permitting themselves to be persuaded by us to participate in our illusion, and offering to take a part in an expedition into which the world will some day know how treacherously we were enticed and basely betrayed.'

'They all confessed as good Catholics that night, and received absolution, except one, an Englishman, who said as he was not a Roman Catholic, he had nothing to do with the spiritual fathers or ministers of our holy religion; adding, that for his part he had always endeavored to adore the Almighty with a pure heart, and to avoid all such crimes as could give rise to remorse of conscience, and as his was free from scruples, he relied too firmly on the mercy of God to feel alarmed at the approach of death. This person had lent fifty-five thousand dollars to Torrijos.

'All these poor creatures passed the night cheerfully, some occupied in writing to their wives, others to their families. They all gave up to their confessors such money as they had contrived to conceal on their persons, some ordering it to be remitted to their families, and others directing it to be laid out in masses for their souls; and one in particular gave to his confessor four thousand rials; to be invested in the purchase of wax-lights, for the purpose of illuminating the blessed sacrament. Several of them subscribed different sums, to be paid to the soldiers employed to shoot them.

'The convent bell at last announced the approach of the aurora of the holy Sabbath, and of the hour for the bloody sacrifice. The victims again repeated their confessions, and with the gentleness of lambs and firm composure of martyrs, awaited the first signal in fervent prayer, still assisted by their spiritual directors.

‘At exactly half-past ten o’clock on Sunday morning, twenty-five of the prisoners had their irons taken off, and being pinioned, were taken under a strong military escort down to the sea beach, at about the distance of a musket-shot from the convent, shackled together in the following order: First, Golfín, who, as already mentioned, was Minister of War at the time of the Constitution, followed by Count Torrijos; after him the English gentleman; then Flores Calderon, one of the famous deputies of the Cortes; next an artillery officer by the name of Pinto, who had been named Captain-General by Torrijos; then another Englishman who was a Catholic, followed by a Spanish officer who had been one of the most determined chiefs of the late conspiracy at Cadiz, and some other deputies and chiefs, amounting in all to the before-mentioned number.

‘When they reached the beach, they were blind-folded, and being placed in a line on their knees, there was a terrible discharge of musketry fired among them, by which they were all either killed or wounded, except the English gentleman, who did not receive the slightest injury, but was soon despatched by the subsequent shots, a number of which it was necessary to fire, as the greatest part of the victims had only been wounded by the first discharge. Ten police-carts were in waiting to carry off the bodies to the place of interment, five of which were loaded with them, only leaving that of the English gentleman, which had been claimed by the English consul, and escorted by a party of lancers, drove off to the burial place, situated at the other extremity of Malaga.

‘It was now necessary to bring some cart-loads of gravel to cover the great quantity of blood which remained on the ground, in consequence of the repeated wounds received by the principal part of these unfortunate men. This arranged, the remaining twenty-four were brought from the convent, shackled as the former, to the same spot, where they experienced the like fate.

‘I must not omit to mention, that all these unhappy men embraced affectionately their confessors before they knelt down, and Flores Calderon in particular called to his fellow collegian, Father Peter, who was a townsman of his, and said in a firm voice: ‘Come, my dear countryman, and receive my last embrace! God be with you!’

‘Thus had they all ceased to exist before the hour of one o’clock, having had only fourteen hours granted them to prepare for death. Thousands of persons flocked to the place of burial, where a large trench had been dug to receive their bodies; and such was the general curiosity to see the corpse of Torrijos, that it was not thrown into the ditch for some time. The body of the Englishman, which remained on the beach, was removed in one of the English consul’s carriages, in which his son, the vice-consul, went in person, carrying with him the English colors, in which the body of his noble countryman was shrouded. On arriving at the consul’s house, the body was laid out in great state until the evening of the following day, Monday, when it was taken to the English burial-ground, and interred, according to the rites of their religion, the ceremonies being performed by the consul.

New-York, December, 1841.

G. B.